

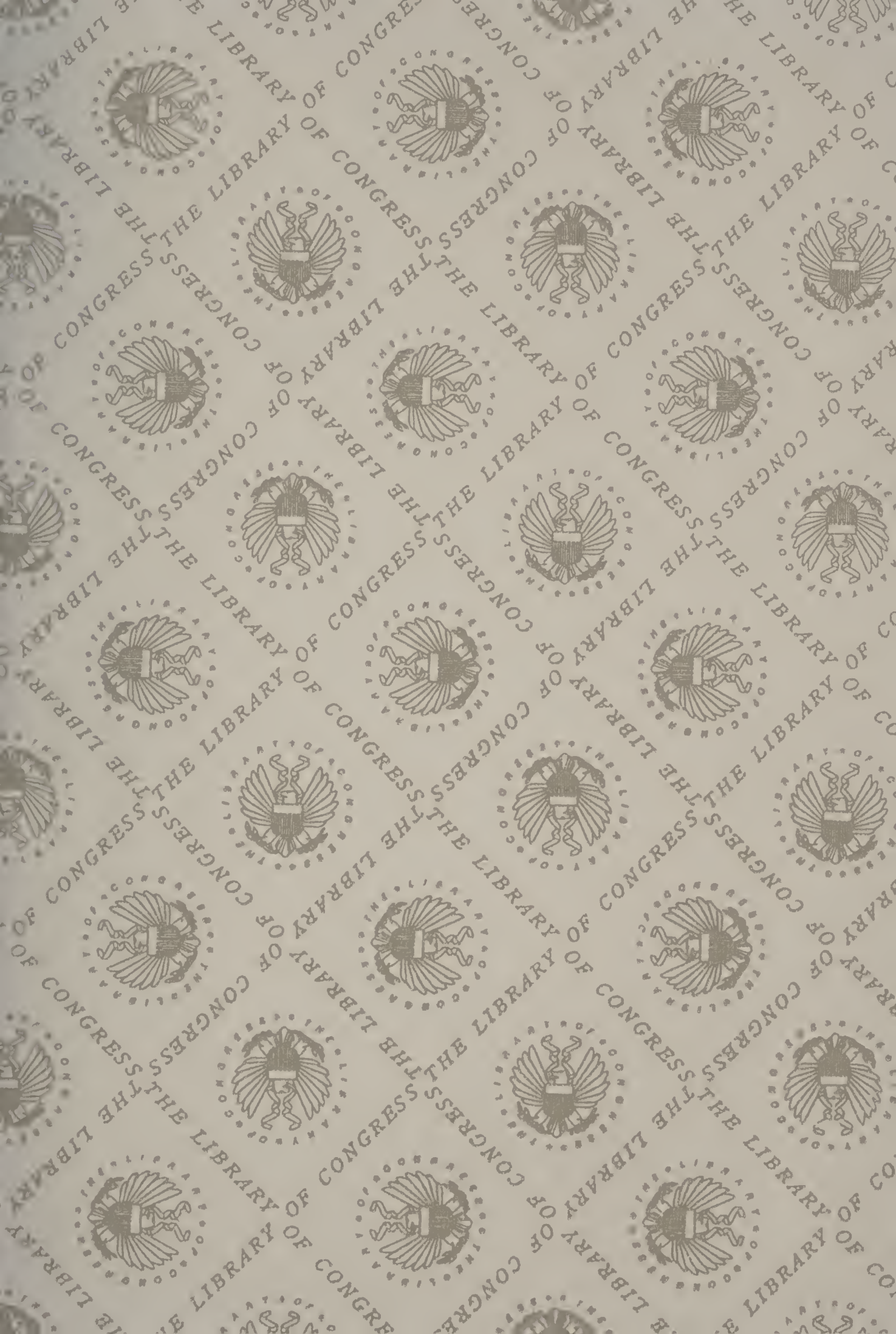
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# NAVY LIFE IN PEACE TIME

*With Evans to the Pacific*

BY  
MARGARET J. CODD

*Author of "The Story of Lafayette," etc.*

1924

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## PREFACE

DURING the great war, the United States Navy has been brought prominently before our people and the efficient work in transport convoy and submarine destruction has been a source of pride to us all.

This little travel story of the voyage from Hampton Roads to San Francisco has been used as a means of giving some information in regard to our navy. The route of the fleet has been closely followed and typical experiences have been introduced to give an idea of life on shipboard; the sketches of the life of Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans may help to give some idea of the personality of this gallant officer, who has done so much to bring our navy up to its present high degree of efficiency; while the narration of matters of general interest in regard to the principal countries of South America it is hoped may add to the value of the book.

Jake and Harry saw the sights just as hundreds of boys and young men on the vessels saw them, and they tell the story of the cruise in a simple way, which all may understand.

Among others, the following books have been consulted in the preparation of this work: "A Sailor's Log," by Robley D. Evans; "A Cruise on the Yankee," Irving's "Columbus"; Carpenter's "South America"; Prescott's "Conquest of Peru"; and "Wireless Telephony," by Ernst Ruhmer. I am also indebted to the Navy Department for many courtesies, to "The Mak-



## PREFACE

ing of a Man o' Warsman," by Street & Finney for much information, and to the magazines and the press of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for vivid accounts of the events of the cruise.

This achievement of our battleship fleet is not a transient matter, but is historically important as one of the most interesting incidents of President Roosevelt's administration.

From lack of space much that might profitably have been given, has been unavoidably omitted, but I hope the children of our land will enjoy reading this story of the Atlantic Fleet, which was written to interest them in our navy.

M. J. C.

# WITH EVANS TO THE PACIFIC

## THE FLEET AT ANCHOR

THE sixteen great warships swung lazily at anchor in the sheltered waters of Hampton Roads. The giant dogs of war looked peaceful enough in their spotless white paint and gleaming metal-work, but the dark guns pointing from sides and turrets gave hint of what might come if need arose to defend our dear land. No wars of oppression and greed on the part of the United States will call these great ships into action, but they stand ready to defend the right; to guard the seas; and to make the way of them that go down to the sea in ships a path of peace and safety.

It was a bright December morning. The waters of Chesapeake Bay were dotted with little sailboats and launches which darted in and out, here and there, for everybody was anxious to have a last look at our battleship fleet before the big ships started on their long journey.

On the wharf at Norfolk a black-eyed boy stood watching the busy scene. Jake Diedrich was about fourteen years old and had come from the training ship to join the Connecticut; and he felt quite elated that he was to have the honor of serving on the flagship of the fleet. Near him stood a tall, slender young



# ROUTE FOLLOWED BY THE BATTLE FLEET

Sailing from Hampton Roads, December 16, 1907, and arriving at San Francisco, May 6, 1908





THE GIANT DOGS OF WAR

fellow about eighteen years of age. His name was Harry Willis and he looked somewhat like a high-school boy, but he had enlisted in Uncle Sam's navy and was waiting for the steam-launch to take him to the same destination.

His blue eyes met Jake's dark ones with a friendly gleam, and the two boys began to talk about the strange sights and beautiful ships. Both were full of bright anticipations of all they were to see on the long cruise before them.

Soon the little navy-yard tug came puffing up and took a group of waiting men to the flagship and the boys went with them.

In the rush to board the tug, one of the men, named McCarthy, was shoved to one side, lost his balance, and

fell with a splash into the water. "Man overboard!" shouted his mate, and "Man overboard!" was yelled by the crowd on the wharf. Mac was soon fished out and, spluttering and dripping, exclaimed, "Oh, but it's wet!" when the commanding officer finished matters and raised a laugh by saying, "Mind, my man, that you do not leave this ship again without permission." All now being safe on board, the tug soon reached the ship; and the noble lines of the Connecticut and her size and apparent power greatly impressed the men. They were assigned to duty and the routine of ship life began.

On shipboard the crew is divided into two sections called watches, the starboard and the port, which attend in alternation to the working of the vessel. For instance, the port watch will go on duty at midnight, serve four hours and be relieved by the starboard watch. The starboard watch then serves four hours, at the end of which the port watch again goes on duty. This is kept up, day and night, each watch serving four hours except between four o'clock in the afternoon and eight in the evening, when the watch is divided into two short ones, called "dog watches," which serve to shift the hours of duty for the seamen, enabling them to have turn about what are considered the easier watches.

The first watch, from midnight till four o'clock in the morning, is called the "mid watch"; the second, from four o'clock till eight, the "morning watch"; the third, from eight o'clock till noon, the "forenoon watch"; the fourth, from noon till four o'clock in the afternoon, the "afternoon watch." The fifth is divided

into the first "dog watch," from four o'clock till six, and the second "dog watch," from six till eight. The sixth, from eight o'clock in the evening till midnight, is technically known as the "first watch," but is popularly and generally called the "eight to twelve watch."

On shipboard, you know, time is told by bells. The twenty-four hours of the day are divided into six periods of four hours each, beginning at midnight. One bell is rung for every half hour of each watch, running up to eight bells at the end of the watch. Thus, in the mid watch one bell is 12:30 A. M.; two bells, 1 A. M.; three bells, 1:30 A. M., and so on. The eight bells that end the morning watch are rung at 8 A. M.; the eight bells that end the forenoon watch are rung at 12 noon, and the eight bells that end the afternoon watch are rung at 4 P. M.

Jake knew all this, having learned it on the training ship. The landlubbers, like Harry, were puzzled at first, but soon became accustomed to it.

Jake was at first assigned duty as a cabin boy; that was not his choice, for he would far rather have been with the crew on deck; but he had made up his mind to rise, and he had early learned the lesson, "If you can't have what you want, you must take what you can get," so he was ready to do his best and wait for advancement.

Harry had learned something about electricity in his high-school course and was attached to the electrical department of the ship, for ships in these days have whirring dynamos, and the electric sprite is harnessed to do its work. Electric signal lights blazed at the



mastheads of the ships of the fleet, electric bells rang through the vessels, and messages were transmitted from ship to ship at sea by the wireless system of telephony.

Mac, as an experienced seaman, was made one of the working crew. There were over nine hundred men on the Connecticut and over fourteen thousand were needed to man the sixteen great battleships of the fleet. Of course, in such a gathering, there were all sorts and conditions of men. Some had come from a restless desire to see the world; some had come simply for the money to be earned; some had come because they loved the sea. These last were the old salts, the seadogs, who could not be happy on land.

### THE FIRST NIGHT ON SHIPBOARD

AT HALF-PAST SEVEN in the evening came the welcome sound of the boatswain's whistle and, in obedience to it, the sailors went below to swing their hammocks for the night. A sailor's hammock is made of a strip of heavy canvas about seven feet long. Through holes at each end, placed short distances apart, are run ropes, or clews, as the sailors call them. These clews are gathered together and tied to an iron ring at each end of the hammock and these rings are hung on hooks in the beams overhead.

When the hammock is properly slung it forms a very comfortable rest for the night, but to get safely into it requires quite a knack and green hands usually take several sprawls on the hard deck before they accomplish the feat successfully. Harry's high-school

instruction was of little use here, and even his initiation into the mysterious "frat" threw no light upon this hard problem.

He noticed there seemed to be no pillow, but he had placed the narrow mattress and blankets in position, and the narrow bag-like arrangement which serves for



SIGNALS FROM THE ADMIRAL

sheets in the navy. Harry was rather confused by his new surroundings and, giving a desperate spring, landed on his head on the deck instead of in bed. Of course his shipmates laughed over his misfortune, but the new hands among them fared no better, till one old salt showed them how to grasp the iron rings near the head and spring into the hammock.

Harry looked again in perplexity. What was he to do with his clothes? There seemed to be no place to hang them, and it was against orders to leave them on the deck. The squad of raw recruits stood wondering, when they saw another old sailor disrobe. He calmly made a neat roll of his jacket and trousers; and another of his shoes, socks and shirt. The first roll he placed at the head for a pillow; the second, he tucked in at the foot of the mattress. The mystery was solved and Harry and the other new men hastened to follow his example. They were asleep in short order and we may leave them dreaming "The Sailor Boy's Dream."

"Early to bed and early to rise" is the rule for seamen in Uncle Sam's navy, so next morning at half-past five they were roused by the bugle call and all hands were required to get up promptly except those who had been on the mid watch. The morning watch had had coffee and hardtack and gone up on deck at four o'clock. Regular breakfast is not served till half-past seven, and there is usually much work to be done before that time.

The men, half asleep, jumped from their hammocks and into their clothing and then, in obedience to orders, proceeded to roll and lash their swinging beds and stow them away in large boxes on the gun deck. As the crew had been busy for days scrubbing and polishing, and everything in sight was shining and spotless, they were now given a little time to arrange their belongings.

Of course sailors need a change of clothing and a few conveniences to keep themselves comfortable dur-



ing such a long voyage. There is not much spare space on shipboard, but each man is allowed a little ditty box or chest about a foot and a half each way, and a black bag about three feet long and a foot in diameter, in which to stow clothing and the like.

It is surprising to see how much the experienced ones can pack in this small space, and the boys soon learned to roll their clothes smoothly into the very smallest compass. Each box and each bag is numbered, and on shipboard one soon learns the lesson that there is a place for everything and everything must be kept in its place. The delinquents who leave their belongings lying around are lucky if they find them in the "lucky bag" the next morning; but they are also unlucky, as the officer of the guard assigns them, as a punishment for their disobedience to orders, various disagreeable chores and duties.

Harry and Jake were glad to hear the breakfast call from the boatswain's whistle and, with the other seamen, hurried to the mess-tables where a bountiful meal was ready for them. Uncle Sam provides good fare for his men and they usually have hearty appetites for it.

The ship's crew is divided into parties of from twenty to thirty each, called messes, each of which has its own mess-cook and mess-equipment. The mess-table is a board from twelve to fourteen feet long and two feet wide, having a raised edge to keep the dishes from sliding off. When in use this is swung from the beams as the hammocks are; and folding mess-benches, which like the tables can be stowed away, serve for seats. Each mess-chest contains an iron plate, cup, knife, fork,



PEELING THE POTATOES FOR DINNER

Courtesy of Bureau of Navigation

and spoon for each member; and each mess usually furnishes the mess-cook a helper, who serves for a week. Twenty minutes is the time allowed for meals and, with a clatter of knives and forks on the metal plates, the crew show great promptness and dispatch in stowing away the food set before them.

After the regular morning inspection was over, Harry and Jake had their first view of Admiral Evans, as he stood on the bridge of the Connecticut, giving orders to the fleet. Though he showed signs of suffering from old wounds, his indomitable energy was evident in every line of his small, slight figure, and his kindly blue eyes brightened with pleasure as he looked at the brave display of beautiful ships anchored

about him. A welcoming smile lighted up his whole countenance as he spoke to some visiting friends; and one could not wonder at the admiration and affection that have made the name of Robley D. Evans a household word in America.

The two lads felt quite friendly after their talk of the day before, and often exchanged pleasant glances, even though they had not the time to stop to speak to each other. Promptness was the order of the day on Evans's ship and there was little opportunity for idle chatter.

Everything showed haste and effort to be in readiness for the long cruise, and the bay was a busy place. The swarms of bum-boats did a thriving business with a mixed stock of pies and doughnuts, pins and needles, cake, bread, jelly, pocket-knives, pens and paper, and the thousand and one little things so much needed and so seldom provided for in sailors' outfits. The prices were exorbitant, and the few articles the boys bought made a sad hole in their spending money. Harry declared that the name of the boats was appropriate, considering the quality of the stuff sold on them.

The boys found many unexpected conveniences on board the ship. While some things in the British war-ships may be superior to ours, in everything pertaining to the comforts of living our ships are superior to all others. The average American is used to good living at home, and Uncle Sam provides generously for him when he is upon the briny deep. Our vessels have steam heat in every cabin and stateroom, and in all parts of the ship which the men frequent; there are arrange-



ments for furnishing hot water, and a refrigerating plant to preserve the supply of provisions; also, there is a ship's bakery, besides convenient arrangements for cooking the excellent meals which are furnished to the men.

The sailors may have eggs, boiled potatoes, bread and butter, and coffee for breakfast one morning; and the next may find them enjoying sausages and johnny-cake. Uncle Sam believes that variety is the spice of life and makes out the bill of fare accordingly. For dinner there are roast beef, potatoes, corn, bread and butter, gingerbread and coffee, or something equivalent; for supper perhaps there will be fried pork chops, bread and butter, apple sauce and tea.

The distinctions that pervade the various branches of the service are observed in serving the meals. The following information is taken from a recent account of arrangements on board the *Connecticut*, similar arrangements existing on all the vessels of the fleet. On the *Connecticut*, first comes the admiral's mess, at which the chief commander sits in solitary state; second, the captain's mess, at which Captain Osterhaus eats alone; third, the wardroom mess, known as the "jollification mess," at which we find the commissioned officers below the rank of captain, with their friends; fourth, the junior officers' mess, for the midshipmen just from Annapolis; fifth, the chief petty officers' mess, which includes those below the rank of midshipmen; sixth, the warrant officers' mess, for those who have risen from the ranks to minor commands; and seventh, the general mess for the common seamen.



The officers provide themselves with the best there is, in addition to the regular rations, and usually have a good colored cook, clubbing together to pay the extra expenses. They have cabins that are small but very comfortable and many think that life on the ocean wave is preferable to life on shore.

### SHORE LEAVE

AS SAILING time was so near, shore leave was in a great measure suspended and it was more and more difficult for the crew to obtain permission to leave the ship. Both Jake and Harry were fortunate in having shore leave while in the vicinity of Norfolk, and they spent many interesting hours in viewing the sights of Chesapeake Bay. They both remembered the stories of Captain John Smith and the English settlers landed three hundred years ago; and the very name "Old Point Comfort" recalled the three small ships that brought the colonists to America and found comfort and safety in the refuge of its sheltered waters.

Now the largest fort in the United States, Fortress Monroe, is situated on Old Point Comfort and as the boys looked at its massive walls they debated on the comparative merits of service on land and on sea. They wandered about the irregular six-sided enclosure, covering about eighty acres of land, which forms the present fortification; and their uniforms secured for them many favors from the guards. Surrounding the fortress is a wide moat filled with water, above which tower walls of granite, thirty-five feet high.

They saw nothing of the mighty tribes which met

Captain John Smith and the early settlers. In fact, they saw no Indians at all, except a few from the neighboring school at Hampton, where Indian boys and girls are taught the ways of civilization. The boys talked about Pocahontas and how the kind-hearted little Indian maiden had brought corn and fed the starving settlers; and they had a merry time picturing the waters of the bay dotted with Indian canoes instead of the warships and the various boats of the present day.

They went by boat from Fortress Monroe to Portsmouth to visit the United States Navy Yard, on the way passing over the scene of the famous fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac.

Harry told his companion how on that fateful day in March, 1862, the Confederate ironclad Merrimac steamed out from Portsmouth to destroy the Union vessels assembled in Chesapeake Bay. She began by attacking the frigate Cumberland, which, like all the ships of our navy at that time, was a wooden boat and could not withstand the heavy iron ram of the Merrimac; she sank with her flag at the masthead and carrying her brave tars down with her. After disabling another ship, the Merrimac steamed back to Norfolk, expecting an easy victory over the rest of the fleet on the following day.

But that night the Monitor arrived in Hampton Roads and when the Merrimac reappeared the next morning, the little boat darted forth from her place beside one of the frigates and hurled two great shots at the monster. Then began the battle of the ironclads, the first of its kind in the history of the world. Five

times the Merrimac attacked the Monitor, then steamed back to Norfolk, leaving the little boat unharmed, with the flag of our Union floating in the breeze. Both sides had done their best, but the fate of nations rests in the hands of God.

The buildings of the Jamestown Exposition were



THE OYSTER LANDING AT NORFOLK

in view on the east as the boat steamed on across Hampton Roads. This beautiful portion of Chesapeake Bay forms an outer harbor for Norfolk, Portsmouth and neighboring towns; and affords a safe anchorage ground, comprising from forty to fifty square miles, large enough to hold all the navies of the world. It is in about the same latitude as the Mediterranean Sea, so



even in December the breezes are balmy, and the boys greatly enjoyed being on the bay. Jake did think it funny that Hampton Roads should be nothing but water, but so they are, and very wet roads at that.

These Northern boys looked with much interest at the beautiful city of Norfolk as they passed, and were surprised to learn that it obtained a charter in 1736 and was quite an old town at the time of the American Revolution.

Norfolk has the greatest lumber business in the South and the greatest winery east of California, and does a large business in coal, oysters, and livestock; but what Jake was most interested in hearing was that it is the greatest peanut market in the world—some 3,500,000 bushels of peanuts being handled there each year. He wondered how many nickel bags of peanuts that would make, but gave up the problem as being beyond his powers of computation.

On reaching Portsmouth the boys soon found their way to the navy yard. Here Jake was able to explain many things to Harry, for while on the training ship he had often been at the New York Navy Yard, so this seemed familiar ground to him.

Everything was in readiness to equip or repair anything, from a dingey to a battleship, and busy men were at work on every side. As the boys rambled about, seeing the many interesting sights, they grew quite confidential. "How did you come to enlist in the navy, Jake?" asked Harry. The boy smiled and said, "Well, it was funny how it came about. One day, in New York, I was down by the river and saw a man limping



along. A gust of wind blew off his hat and sent it whirling down the street. It was a pretty tough part of the town and a gang of fellows came round the corner and chased after the hat. As it rolled near me, I caught it and ran with it to the man, and after that I often saw him and we were good friends. He was a sailor and told me stories of the sea. He knew that my father and mother were dead and that selling papers wasn't making me a millionaire like John D. One day he said, 'Why do you run the streets and get into mischief? Why don't you join Uncle Sam's navy?' He knew the ropes and got me into the training ship and after a little they sent me here. It seems too good to be true. I am so glad of a chance to be out on the blue water. How did you happen to start in for a trip on the ocean blue?"

"Oh, we high-school boys wrote essays on our navy, and on John Paul Jones, and on the heroes of Manila and Santiago until we all wished to start for the ships. I had studied a little about electricity and, when I enlisted, they gave me a berth on board our ship. My father says it is an honor to serve my country and, if I improve my advantages, I can see a good deal of the world before we return."

The sinking sun warned them that it was time to embark, and it was not very long before they were once more aboard the Connecticut, tired but happy. The heart-to-heart talk which the two lads had had helped to make them firm friends during the long months of the cruise.

## THE DEPARTURE OF THE FLEET

THE sightseers gazed at the ships with pride, and they were ships to be proud of; American skill and American invention had done their best upon them. The Connecticut was but one of many and as the people looked they saw clouds of black smoke pouring from the huge funnels, the mastheads rising above the turrets and great guns pointing seaward, ready for action. It was a majestic spectacle; though their pure white hulls and beautiful lines made one think more of doves of peace than of dogs of war, the vessels were ready for either role. As Admiral Evans, in one of his interviews with newspaper correspondents, said, "We are ready for a fight or a frolic."

In another interview the admiral gave utterance to the following characteristic words: "I hope that when we arrive at our destination the people will have for us, upon our arrival, a welcome as warm as is the god-speed which they give us on our departure; and that should our commander-in-chief then decide to send us on a mission of peace and good-will to the nations of the other hemisphere, the same warm interest will follow us there, in the future, as it always has in the past." Peace and good-will seemed to be the keynote of the expedition, and officers and men were proud of the beautiful ships, which they regarded as harbingers of peace, not messengers of war.

How quickly times change! A few years ago we thought the Oregon a wonderful ship, and she did great work in our time of need; but the new battle-ship Georgia is five times as effective as the Oregon.

The visiting fleet was armed with nine hundred and twenty-five guns of the latest modern style, and there were 2,250,000 pounds of explosives and projectiles on board of each of the sixteen battleships. There were 35,000,000 pounds in the fleet, enough to blow all the navies of the world to atoms. The flagship Connecticut, which bore the blue flag of Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, cost \$7,667,606, and was a veritable floating fortress.

But the stores were not all warlike ones; Uncle Sam is a liberal uncle and over six million pounds of meat, fruits, cereals, and vegetables were safely stowed away in the holds of the ships; and to help the coming Christmas feast, which must be eaten far from home, fifteen thousand pounds of plum pudding and fifteen thousand pounds of candy were added to the ships' stores. Sixty phonographs, three hundred sets of chessmen, four hundred sheets of the latest popular songs, and games of many kinds were provided; and it was planned to leave the great decks free every afternoon for athletic sports and other amusements.

Modern conveniences of every kind were to be found on the battleships; even telephones, made possible by a recent invention in wireless telephony, had been provided. In the emergency cabin of the Connecticut, where the wireless telephone was situated, Rear-Admiral Evans could communicate from his flagship with the commander of any vessel of the fleet, five or ten miles away. The United States navy was the first to adopt wireless telephones, and this was the first fleet on which they were put to practical use.





COALING DAY FOR THE FLEET

Under favorable conditions, messages have been sent twenty miles over these telephones, which promise to be specially valuable for use at night or in foggy weather.

One morning as the boys were looking across the bay they saw a tug nearing them with loaded coal barges in its wake. As Norfolk is a great center of the coal trade, it is a good place at which to take on a supply of coal. Other tugs and barges followed and slowed up alongside the ships and the boys soon saw that it was coaling day for the fleet. Coaling is a hard, dirty, disagreeable job, but the men went at it with a will and in time the necessary supply of black diamonds was safely stowed away in the coal bunkers. All hands



then joined in a great cleaning up, for the beautiful vessels must be kept spotless and ready for inspection.

By this time the orderlies starting for the shore with the mail bags were quite a familiar sight, but letters grew more and more numerous as the sailing-day approached and the orderlies were loaded with bags and parcels till they resembled letter carriers at Christmas time. The last two or three days before starting were given to sports and visiting and saying good-by to friends on shore. The destination of the fleet still remained a mystery and little jokes and jingles from the daily press caught the fancy of the men. One which pleased them immensely was entitled:

#### A MYSTERY SOLVED

“What is the Navy sailing for?” quoth I to Captain Binks.

“I do not know,” the Sea Dog said, “but this is what I thinks—Bob Evans wants to teach the Japs the game of Tiddledywinks.”

Other verses followed and the poem concluded thus:

At last I asked the President, “Please tell me why you risk  
The Navy sailing round the Horn?” He answered short and  
brisk:

“Because the sailing is so bad from Omaha to Frisk.”

For three days rain and fog had done all they could to dull the bright spirits of the sailors, but on the eventful day—December 16, 1907—gleams of sunshine breaking through the clouds shone on the glistening brasswork of the giant dogs of war and gave promise of bright days to come.

Chesapeake Bay in the vicinity of the fleet was

crowded with small craft—dispatch boats busy with official matters, and pleasure boats carrying sightseers. At eight bells (8 A. M.) signals flew from ship to ship and energetic wigwagging began; then there instantly flew out on every ship, from masthead to masthead, the most beautiful display of signal flags of every color—red, yellow, blue, white, and green. The ships were in full-dress display to receive the President of the United States. The boys thought they had never seen anything so beautiful.

Soon the lookout on the Connecticut gave warning that the Mayflower was approaching. With rapid steps the men on the various ships hastened to their places to man the sides, and stood to receive the President who, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, was coming to say good-by.

As the Mayflower, with a torpedo boat on each side, came up to the flagship, there was a burst of flame and smoke from the batteries of the latter. This was instantly followed by the national salute of twenty-one guns in honor of the President from every vessel in the fleet, while all the bands of all the ships played "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Jake thought a Fourth-of-July celebration was nothing compared to this and with great difficulty overcame an inclination to stand on his head, while he relieved his feelings somewhat by shouting with the others. All felt with almost inexpressible emotion that this was a great day, and that ours was a great country to live for and, if need be, to die for.

The Mayflower dropped anchor in the midst of the

fleet, while little launches darted from all the ships, bearing the commanders on a visit of respect to President Roosevelt. First in rank came Rear-Admiral Evans, who saluted the President and then presented the other officers of the fleet. With a few friendly words of good wishes and farewell the ceremony was over. The boys could see the groups, as they stood talking on the deck, and watched President Roosevelt as he drew apart for a few grave, quiet words with the admiral. What were the last orders? No one could hear, but there was no fear of failure with Fighting Bob at the helm, and Harry remembered the story told, that when the President, knowing Admiral Evans was not well, asked him if he could take the fleet to the Pacific, and Evans replied, "Yes, if I have to take the ships over the Rocky Mountains." This answer is characteristic of his whole life of indomitable energy and perseverance.

Farewells over, the commanders returned to their ships. Then the Mayflower weighed anchor and started for the open sea. In a flash all signal flags came down; and the puffing engines, the rolling clouds of black smoke, the revolving wheels, and the shrill piping of the boatswains' whistles, gave evidence of activity in every vessel. Pleasure for the time was over and stern duty had begun.

The sixteen great ships massed under the command of our veteran hero, Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, swung with precision into place and, passing the frowning ramparts of Fortress Monroe, began their journey to the Pacific. The warships



moved in single column four hundred yards apart, from masthead to masthead, and as the last one passed out through the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, they formed a line over three miles in length along the horizon. No such massing of naval forces had ever been seen in American waters. More than fourteen thousand brave-



THE BATTLE FLEET UNDER WAY

hearted boys in blue manned the great vessels, ready to carry and to defend our flag around the world if necessary.

For ten miles the *Mayflower* moved ahead of the battleships, then drew to one side, while the President stood on deck to review the fleet. Again the commanders stood, hat in hand; again the men manned the sides,



and again the batteries crashed in salute as each ship passed by.

The last farewells had been said and faces grew grave as the men thought of what might be their fate and that of their ships before the long voyage was ended; but pride filled their hearts as they remembered that the eyes of the world were fixed upon their fleet, and that they had been chosen for this great undertaking.

### OUT ON THE ATLANTIC

AS THE fleet moved on, the landlubbers began to feel the effects of the heavy rolling swells of the Atlantic. Their misery was a source of amusement to the well-seasoned seamen, but all got their sea legs in a short time and responded with alacrity to the pipe which summoned them to the messroom.

Each order on shipboard is preceded by its special whistle or pipe; so the boatswain is an important man. The new hands soon learned to know what was coming when they heard the shrill piping sound.

Even though Jake had gone through a short course on a training ship, he had some difficulty at first in finding his way about the great battleship with all the modern improvements which was now his home; but the old sea dogs on board were pleasant fellows and they were glad to help newcomers and tell them all they could about the vessel.

The boys soon saw that the ship's hull appeared to be divided into what may be called six tiers or stories. The upper one was the main deck on which were the



READY TO DEFEND THE FLAG

lifeboats and miscellaneous nautical equipment, while forward and aft were placed the twelve-inch guns ready for action. From the masthead floated the Union Jack, with its forty-six stars on a field of blue, while from the rear of the ship the Stars and Stripes fluttered gayly in the breeze.

Below the main deck came the gun deck and through its many openings the dark muzzles of the broadside batteries pointed seaward, ready to defend the flag; while quarters for the admiral and the captain occupied the stern of the boat.

This was also called the berth deck. Perhaps the name makes one think of a Pullman car or an ocean

steamer; but a berth, or billet, for a seaman, means the space assigned him in which to swing his hammock. Two hooks for each seaman are placed according to specifications and berthing-plans drawn up by the navy department, and each man has his own place on the ship.

Though the seamen usually swing their hammocks on the gun deck, berth space is assigned in various parts of the ship. The officials try to have men of the different departments quartered near their work. Seamen sleep on the gun deck in cold weather because it is warmer there and they are protected from the wind. When they are in the tropics, awnings are spread from the superstructure and various parts of the ship, and men are allowed to sleep under them in the open air, which is much more comfortable for them. Here on the gun deck was the jolly wardroom, with accommodations for the junior officers, and in line with this, forward, was hammock space for the men. Jake was at home here, for this was where he slept and spent most of his time. Back of the hammock space quarters, called the "sick bay," were fitted up for sick seamen. Under the hammock space was a great store of life-preservers.

These three tiers, or floors, were above the water line; below it were three more. These were occupied, in the middle, by the great engines of the ship; while, for protection as well as convenience, the coal bunkers were arranged all around the engines and extended across the vessel. From the bottom of the hold, the engines rose the height of the three lower tiers; and sent



out clouds of black smoke through three great smoke pipes. Ventilating tubes ran down into the hold, carrying fresh air to the men who worked below the water line. There was hard work to be done by the stokers, the coal shovelers and others down in the depths of the vessel.

The rest of the hold was divided conveniently into storerooms for supplies and provisions needed for the ship. There were an ice-machine and a refrigerating plant on the vessel. The latter was not so large, of course, as that of a great packing house but, in its way, it was quite as complete; and in it hung quarters of mutton and beef and other perishable provisions, ready to be cooked and served to the men. No sailors in the world are fed and cared for as ours are. No wonder it costs one million dollars a year to run a modern battleship!

There was a complete laundry equipment on board and even a printshop, where official communications were set up and printed. The powder magazines were in the hold also, and there were hoists for sending powder and shells to the gun deck and even to the fighting tops. There were water-tight doors which, when closed, divided the ship into water-tight compartments that would help to keep her afloat in case of accident or damage from an enemy; and over the keel extended the long shaft that turned the screws which propelled the great ship through the water.

Jake also found that there was a machinist's department for necessary repairs. This was a very useful part of the equipment; and so was the electrical department,

which is so important on the modern battleships; and still more he appreciated the bakery, which furnished fresh bread every day to officers and crew.

But this was not all of the ship. Above the main deck rose two great masts; the foremast in front and the mainmast farther back, while between them were the three smokestacks. Extending around the foremast was a large platform, called the bridge deck, with a pilot house containing the apparatus for steering the ship. There was also an emergency cabin, where the commanding officer sat and directed the motions of the vessel.

Higher up on the masts were two turrets or fighting tops with cannon; above these was a platform for the great searchlight; and still higher were two signal yards to display the signal flags of the international code and the speed cone, which orders the speed of the fleet, while far above them all, at the very top of the mast was a semaphore for signaling. There were so many orders to be given throughout the fleet that its various signal systems were of the utmost importance.

The mainmast had similar fighting tops, searchlight and semaphore, and at night the red and white lights of the Ardois signal system shone far over the waters. There was no bridge on the mainmast, but the ship's long pennant floated gracefully from its topmost point. While just below, the rear-admiral's flag, of two white stars on a blue field, showed that this vessel was the flagship of the fleet. The strong turrets were hollow, having a ladder inside so that the gunners could climb up to the guns. The fighting tops were high up the

masts and from them the men had a glorious view of the blue expanse of ocean.

The majestic ships now changed their long line and the usual formation of the two squadrons into which they were divided was, for the journey on the deep sea, as follows:

	Virginia		Kentucky
Rhode Island		Kearsarge	
	New Jersey		Illinois
Georgia		Alabama	
	Louisiana		Maine
Vermont		Missouri	
	Kansas		Ohio
Connecticut		Minnesota	

The sixteen battleships of the fleet were divided into four divisions of four ships each which were commanded by Rear-Admirals Evans, Emory; Thomas, and Sperry respectively. These divisions were again combined, the first and second divisions forming the First Squadron, under command of Rear-Admiral Evans, who was also commander-in-chief of the fleet; and the third and fourth divisions, forming the Second Squadron, which was under command of Rear-Admiral Thomas.

The squadrons were sixteen hundred yards apart and each boat was eight hundred yards behind the one preceding. Rear-Admiral Thomas of the Minnesota was second in command and ably assisted Rear-Admiral Evans, who required that these positions be kept. Any perceptible deviation from the prescribed course brought admonitory signals from the flagship.



Another beautiful formation was when the fleet was moving in lines of divisions in open order:

<i>1600 Yards</i>		<i>1600 Yards</i>		<i>1600 Yards</i>	
Louisiana	Virginia	Maine	Kentucky		
Kansas	Rhode Island	Missouri	Kearsarge		
Vermont	New Jersey	Ohio	Illinois		
Connecticut	Georgia	Minnesota	Alabama		

Every morning Jake could see, through the port-hole, their companion ship the required sixteen hundred yards away. At half-past nine each morning there was a general inspection and muster of the seamen and, looking across the blue waters, the boys could see on the decks of the other ships groups of sailors and officers similar to those on the flagship. Discipline was much the same on all the vessels of the fleet.

To the landsman's eye a battleship is a battleship, but to the sailors of the fleet there is just as much individuality to the battleships as there is to their sweet-hearts. Five of the big boats—the Connecticut, the Kansas, the Vermont, the Louisiana, and the Minnesota—look almost exactly alike, but to the sailors they are as different as different members of the same family.

The Alabama and the Illinois are staid and growing elderly. They are slightly out of fashion, too, as they carry two smoke funnels instead of three, like their more sprightly neighbors. The Kearsarge and the Kentucky are rather old-fashioned also, as they show by the small guns they carry amidships, but they make up for all these disadvantages, for report says they

shoot straighter than the "big five," so there are compensations in everything. But all alike the big ships glistened in their dress of spotless white and were a beautiful sight as they ploughed through the blue waters.

As the fleet sailed southward, the northern winter was forgotten and the days grew warmer and warmer. Overcoats disappeared and then the men were glad to exchange their heavy blue flannel clothing for white jumpers and trousers. To keep this white apparel spotless is a problem, for while the officers have a laundry, the men have to wash for themselves.

At daybreak one morning a long wail from the boatswain's whistle announced the order, "Scrub and wash clothes." This was the first chance the men had had to clean up, so there were many bundles of clothing, but those of the wary ones were small. Jake appeared with a white suit and some socks.

The forecastle men brought out the ship's hose, which was connected with the pump, and, wetting down the deck, began their work. Jake had learned how to wash, so spreading out his white jumper on the deck, he wet it thoroughly and rubbed it well with salt-water soap; then, taking a small, stiff brush, he scrubbed for dear life, up and down, till all the stains and dirt were gone. The new hands did not get the knack at first and some pretty grimy and streaked clothing rewarded their first efforts, but "practice makes perfect" and in due time they learned to equal a Chinese laundry. Everything has to be scrubbed on deck, from a pair of socks to a hammock, and as scrubbing is done every

morning, if the Jackies are not clean, it is not from lack of opportunity.

After the clothes were done, the men turned to and scrubbed everything in sight—decks, gratings, ladders, paint, etc.—until the ship looked as though she were in holiday attire.

Saturday night is usually the sailors' holiday, for then the hard work for the week is done. The first Saturday night at sea there was a grand celebration for the officers in the wardroom, while the sailors had a jollification on the deck below. Mac danced the hornpipe with all its flourishes in the finest nautical manner, the phonographs tuned up; and the men sang popular songs, ending with a grand chorus on "The Star-Spangled Banner." The merry time was all too quickly over, and with three cheers for the Red, White and Blue, hammocks were slung for the night's repose.

When the boys roused the next morning, they did not have to be reminded that it was Sunday. Something in the air seemed to tell one that the Sabbath of the week had come. There was inspection by the officers in the morning, and all appeared in Sunday clothes, neat and clean; afterward, a general order was read to the men on all the ships. It was a caution to behave well while on shore.

To add to the solemnity of the day, in the afternoon there was a burial at sea. One of the sailors had died the night before. Just at sunset was heard the shrill wailing of the boatswain's pipe, followed by the order, "All hands stand by to bury the dead." At a signal from the flagship the other vessels of the fleet stopped



their engines and, with flags at half-mast, waited until the burial should be over.

Soon the men assembled on the gun deck and stood in quiet order. The body had been sewed into a hammock weighted with shot, for the resting place of the living sailor serves the dead both for coffin and shroud. The still form, covered with the American flag, lay near an open porthole, and a detachment of men stood near by, ready to lower it into the sea.

The burial service seemed doubly impressive amid these solemn surroundings and at the words, "We commit this body to the deep," the grating was gently raised, and the body of the dead seaman passed to its long rest beneath the waves of the deep-rolling sea. The burial over, the whistle sounded, "Pipe down," and a salute was fired by a detachment of the marine guard. Then the crew dispersed to various parts of the ship.

The solemn service had left its impress upon all on board and the necessary work went on in quieter vein. Harry's thoughts turned from the pomp of the fleet to the power and might of the ocean about them, and some beautiful lines by Byron, which he had learned at high school, came into his mind. The words seemed a fitting accompaniment to the majestic sweep of the rolling billows:

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;  
I love not man the less but Nature more,  
From these our interviews, from which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,

To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

### THROUGH THE VIRGIN PASSAGE

AS THE vessels were nearing Porto Rico, the Missouri signaled that she had a very sick sailor on board. The admiral quickly gave the order to make haste to San Juan and leave the man in the hospital there. Soon after this a signal was displayed by the Illinois to the effect that one of her crew was very ill with pneumonia. Evans took good care of his men, so the Illinois too was ordered to put her sick man ashore.

The fleet took the Virgin Passage, to the eastward of Porto Rico into the Caribbean, and headed for Trinidad. The Virgin Isles were discovered by Columbus in 1493, on his second voyage. There are some hundred small islands in the group, occupying a space about one hundred miles long by fifty miles wide. Some of them are merely sterile crags, while others are covered with tropical verdure. About fifty of them belong to England, the remainder to Spain and Denmark. These islands are small and their exports, consisting for the

most part of sugar and cattle, are not very valuable, amounting to about \$600,000 annually. The ships passed near enough for the sailors to see the waving palms, which in places grow close to the water's edge, but no stops were made.

As the fleet went through the Virgin Passage the Illinois and Missouri reappeared, having put the sick men on a government boat bound for San Juan. A wireless message was sent to New York, saying that all was well. It is no trouble to talk to the old folks at home nowadays, and Harry thought, as he listened to the click of the instrument, of the lonely days, weeks, and months the little caravels of Columbus had spent on these same waters, and he admired more than ever the undaunted courage of the great Genoese admiral and his unfaltering order to his little fleet, "Sail on, sail on."

The men of the fleet had by this time come to know one another pretty well and the congenial ones were forming fast friendships. A sea voyage soon shows men in their true colors. Those who are kind and friendly; those who are mean and quarrelsome; those who are reliable and industrious; those who are untrustworthy and lazy—all show what they are before they are many days out at sea. The officers soon found that Harry and Jake belonged to the dependable class and could be relied upon to carry out orders promptly. The boys' good records earned them many little privileges and they were always on the list entitled to shore leave. They read the good books which were for their use in the ship's library and as they remembered what they



read, and kept observant eyes on the sights and scenes of the journey, the cruise promised to be a great benefit to them both.

Harry was sorry that they passed too far to the eastward to see the scene of the famous fight at Santiago de Cuba; but the sailors were all talking about it and Mac and some others of the seamen had been present at the time; so, from one and another, the story came, with many particulars.

It was in 1898, during the Spanish-American War, and a combined force of our army and navy was endeavoring to capture Santiago, in whose harbor Cervera, with a fleet of Spanish warships, had taken refuge. On the first of June Admiral Sampson began a strict blockade and preparations were made to sink the collier Merrimac in the entrance channel of the harbor in order to prevent the escape of the Spanish ships.

This was the plan of Lieutenant Hobson and he was put in charge of the dangerous undertaking. Admiral Sampson signaled for volunteers to go on this service, of which the outcome seemed almost certain death. Evans replied, "My entire crew has volunteered. How many men do you want?" and on the other boats the men were equally enthusiastic. When the answer came, "I want only one man from the Iowa," it was pretty hard work to make a selection, but finally a young fellow named Murphy was chosen.

The position of the Iowa was just off the entrance to the harbor and there she stayed till the blockade was over. The sailors could see gallant Hobson and his companions, when they sailed up the entrance on that

fateful third of June. It was just before daybreak, when the Spaniards saw the boat coming, and guns began to flash from the *Reina Mercedes* and the batteries on shore. The whole scene was soon obscured by clouds of smoke, and Evans thought the end had come for brave Hobson and his gallant companions, but after



IN THE WEST INDIES

the smoke of battle had cleared away, daylight showed the mast and smokestack of the *Merrimac* rising above the water.

Evans was now ordered to move in nearer, and prevent any attempts to remove the obstruction. He soon saw a white launch come down the channel, but was too far away to witness the surrender of Hobson and

his men. Cervera himself was on the launch, and the American heroes were safe on a life raft. What good fortune it was that Evans did not open fire, for had he done so Hobson's last chance would have been destroyed!

In the afternoon Cervera did a thing worthy of a noble Spanish gentleman. He sent a boat, with a flag of truce, to tell the fleet that Hobson and the others were safe, though prisoners of war, and said he would be glad to give them their clothing or anything else from the fleet which would add to their comfort. Evans says, "There never was a more courteous thing done in time of war," and in return Cervera found friends in his own time of need.

The blockade grew stricter and stricter; finally orders were given to keep the searchlights on the channel, and it was kept as bright as day, so that it was impossible for a boat to go in or out without being discovered.

Our fleet was not expecting that Cervera would attempt to sail out; for they knew that that would be certain destruction to the Spanish ships. It was thought more probable that the Spaniards would destroy their vessels and attempt to fight their way, on land, through the lines of our army; but our men did not risk any chances and the Iowa and the rest of the fleet kept watch and ward, day and night, at the entrance of the bay.

Finally, about sunset, on the second of July, columns of smoke were seen rising from the harbor; the surrounding hills shut the waters of the bay from sight.



One of the officers sent for Evans and they talked matters over and finally prepared the signal, "Enemy's ships coming out," and had it ready for use.

About daylight on Sunday, the third of July, Captain Evans had a pleasant surprise in the shape of a visit from his son, Frank, who had a short leave of absence from the Massachusetts to visit his father. It was a little later, when the men had just assembled for inspection in their clean white clothes, and Evans and his son were finishing breakfast, that the alarm for battle sounded on the vessel.

A gun was immediately fired at the Spanish battleship which was now seen approaching, and the signal that was in readiness was hoisted, giving warning to the fleet. So the Iowa had the double honor of being the ship that fired the first gun in the battle and the one that gave the signal to the rest of the fleet.

Admiral Cervera's flagship, the Infanta Maria Teresa, was the first to come out of the harbor, closely followed by the Viscaya, the Cristobal Colon and the Almirante Oquendo. The two torpedo-destroyers, Furor and Pluton, followed them. They had received orders from Spain to leave the harbor. Admiral Cervera afterward said he had hoped that as it was Sunday morning he might find that the American fleet had not its steam up; but then, as now, our faithful men were ready for any emergency.

The guns of the Iowa at once opened an effective fire, followed by those of the rest of the fleet. The fine marksmanship of our men wrought destruction on the Spanish vessels. In twenty minutes the destroyers

Pluton and Furor were themselves destroyed. In less than two hours the destruction of the Spanish squadron was complete; our fleet had conquered with only a few trifling casualties.

The Iowa ran toward the shore and, as she came abreast of the burning Spanish vessels, Evans saw that a white flag was waving from one of them, half obscured by flames and smoke. He was sure our ships did not see it or they would have ceased firing; so he rapidly hoisted the signal, "Enemy's ships have surrendered."

At this time, the Colon was steaming rapidly westward, with the Oregon, Brooklyn, Texas, and New York in hot pursuit. All the rest of the Spanish fleet had met their doom and over six hundred of their brave officers and men had gone to their death.

Having destroyed these great engines of war and seeing that the Colon could not escape, the Americans began the humane work of saving what was left of the Spanish crews. Our men were not deterred by fear of exploding magazines on the burning ships and rescued many at great risk to their own lives. Some of the Cubans, disregarding the rules of civilized warfare, were lurking in the bushes on the shore, ready to murder the defenceless Spaniards, and it was necessary to take the captives on board our ships to preserve their lives.

War is a horrible thing and when the small boats came back to the Iowa, bearing the dead and wounded, doubtless Captain Evans remembered the beach at Fort Fisher, where, years before, he had once lain for hours,



PALMS OF THE INDIES

sorely wounded. He had made every preparation to receive the sufferers, shot to pieces by our shells and covered with burns from the burning vessels. The poor victims were carefully hoisted over the sides of the ship and soon the beautiful white deck of the Iowa was stained with blood.

The small Gloucester had the Spanish admiral with other prisoners on board. These they now transferred to the more roomy Iowa, whose men, just as they had come out of the fight, were massed to receive them. Evans says, "As the brave old admiral came over the side—scantily clad, without shirt or hat, yet an admiral, every inch of him—the American officers saluted, the men presented arms and the buglers sounded the salute



for an officer of his rank. As he bowed and extended his hand to me, my men burst into cheers." They were cheers for a gallant enemy, who had fought a losing fight against heavy odds.

The old admiral had his young son with him and their meeting with Captain Eulate of the ill-fated *Viscaya* and the few survivors was pathetic indeed, for they loved their country just as we love ours. Cervera then went to see all of the prisoners and had a few words of kindness and encouragement for each of them. Our sailors remembered how kind he had been to Hobson and his companions and they gave the Spaniards food and clothing and kind care till they were sent to the United States on the *Saint Louis*.

The official report from Evans pays this beautiful tribute to his men: "The officers and men of this ship behaved admirably. No set of men could have done more gallant service. I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag they fought like American seamen, but when the flag came down they were as gentle and tender as American women." The same things might have been said of every American crew in the action.

The victory was complete; the last hope of Spain was over; and the American army was soon in peaceful possession of Santiago de Cuba. What a Fourth-of-July celebration the sailors had next day! And how the hearts of their countrymen rejoiced over their glorious victory!

The crew of the *Connecticut* were greatly interested in hearing every little incident of the fight that any one

could remember, and all that they heard of their gallant commander increased their love and respect for him.

New York gave the ships a great welcome when they returned from Cuba and the city was gay with flags and lights in honor of the victors. The officers and crew of the Iowa presented a beautiful sword to Evans and it is one of his proudest possessions. The accompanying letter said in part, "The men of the battleship Iowa will ever cherish the memory of their beloved commander. . . . And with this sword we send our wishes for your health and happiness always. It is an assurance from us that you are more than a hero to a nation—you are a hero to your men."

Sampson, Schley, Evans, Clarke, Phillips, and Hobson, with hundreds of others less known, added fresh laurels to the glories of our navy during the Cuban campaign, while Dewey and his brave men did their share in the Orient to uphold the honor of our country.

The blue waves of the Caribbean Sea came with a soft swish against the sides of the vessels and the men could scarcely realize that there had been such awful carnage and slaughter not far from where they were sailing over the summer sea. But times have changed and we are at peace with all the world.

## TRINIDAD

ALL on board the battleships were now watching eagerly for signs of land. The books on board had all been read and reread; and the little jokes and stories which at first had seemed so funny by this time were twice and thrice told tales. No one off ship can realize what a welcome break shore leave is after the monotony of a long voyage; but with each mile land was nearer, and each day brought our voyagers nearer to the Christmas holiday, so,—full of good spirits and pleasant anticipations—they followed in the wake of Columbus.

The fleet was now approaching land and, when the flagship signaled to take the colliers alongside that evening and be ready to coal at daybreak next day, the crew all knew there was hard work before them.

We may imagine the squadrons bowling along eleven knots an hour; and that means hard work for the stokers in the furnace rooms, who really have far more daily discomfort than the men behind the guns, though the latter seem to get most of the honor and glory. The big furnaces appear to devour the coal which the brawny-armed men shovel into them all day long. That is why the coaling of a great fleet is so difficult and why coaling stations are so important to us, now that we have a great navy to provide for, with ships all over the world.

But, while the men were busy in the furnace room and about the ship, the officers were not idle in their quarters, either. The exact position of each vessel had to be reported to Admiral Evans every day at noon and again at eight bells in the evening, and additional



reports had to be made to each captain at eight bells in the morning and the afternoon. The modern electrical equipment, which adds so much to the convenience and efficiency of the ships, also entailed extra work.

But there were plans for pleasure, as well as for work, and for days challenges had been flashing from



A CANOE OF TRINIDAD

ship to ship for rowing matches and ball games for the fleet championship. To Jake, baseball games seemed a queer sort of Christmas morning celebration.

Soon the lookout gave the welcome cry of "Land Ho!" and the shores of Trinidad came into view, the island looking very inviting in its mantle of tropical

verdure. The ships entered the Gulf of Paria through the Dragon's Mouth, as its northern entrance was named by Columbus, who discovered the island of Trinidad on his third voyage, in 1498. The southern entrance, through which he made his way into the gulf, he called the Serpent's Mouth. Here the great Orinoco pours its waters through many outlets into the Atlantic and the turbulent waves filled the hearts of those on the three small ships of the Spanish discoverers with extreme alarm. But neither serpents' mouths nor dragons' mouths could dismay our great fleet, which sailed proudly to its anchorage, opposite the capital city, Port-au-Spain. The big ships were obliged to anchor several miles from the shore, the harbor being too shallow to admit of their approaching nearer.

Our two boys tried to imagine how the island had looked to the thoughtful-eyed navigator as he sailed through these unknown, enchanted seas. As Irving tells us, "On the 31st of July there was not above one cask of water remaining in each ship, when about mid-day, a mariner at the masthead beheld the summits of three mountains rising above the horizon and gave the joyful cry of 'Land!' As the ships drew nearer it was seen that these mountains were united at the base. Columbus had determined to give the first land he should behold the name of the Trinity. The appearance of these three mountains, united into one, struck him as a singular coincidence and, with a solemn feeling of devotion, he gave the island the name of Trinidad, which it bears at the present day."\*

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\*Irving's *Columbus*, Book X, Ch. I., from *Hist. del Almirante*, Cap. 67.

The crew of his ship landed on a low, sandy point and, not daring to venture into the interior, obtained fresh drinking-water by sinking casks in the wet sand. From the great heat experienced on the ocean Columbus had expected to find a desert region, but on the contrary he found the country covered with luxuriant verdure; and the inhabitants, who seemed friendly, were not black like Africans, but belonged to that race of fierce Indians whom the Spaniards called Caribs, or man-eaters, and who have given their name to the Caribbean Sea.

They were a well-formed race, tall in stature, with an abundance of smooth black hair, and were much fairer than the tribes on the mainland. Many had collars and ornaments of gold round their necks and they had such quantities of pearls that the cupidity of the Spaniards was awakened. When asked where the gold came from they pointed to the mainland. Unable to remain long at this delightful island, Columbus passed out northward through the Dragon's Mouth, narrowly escaping shipwreck.

Since that time, many daring navigators have sailed its rough waters. Sir Walter Raleigh made his way to Trinidad, sent by King James to find the golden treasure of the southland and, failing, was beheaded on his return. And in 1805 Lord Nelson, in his famous ship, the Victory, sailed through the Gulf of Paria, pursuing the French fleet to the victory and death which came to him at glorious Trafalgar. Our fleet followed in the wake of famous men, but no stouter hearts ever beat than those who now wear the blue of Uncle Sam.





A NATIVE HOME IN TRINIDAD

Our ships received a quiet, friendly greeting, but did not greatly impress the people of Trinidad, who had had a visit from the giant British Dreadnaught a few days before. All were glad to welcome the Americans and much was done to make the visit a pleasant one.

Shore leave was given to as many as could be spared, for Admiral Evans, believing that one of the greatest benefits of the long cruise was the opportunity it gave the men to see the world, arranged to send as many as possible ashore in squads of four thousand at a time. Embarking and disembarking such large parties was good practice for the fleet. All the men were carefully examined to see if they had been properly vaccinated,

for the officers did not intend to run any unnecessary risks of illness on shipboard.

The coaling now began and the men worked hard and earned their Christmas holiday; but they did not grumble, for they knew there would be feasting and fun on the morrow.

Christmas morning found the Americans ready to celebrate the merry day, and it was truly a green Christmas instead of the white, snowy Christmas of home. The thermometer was  $85^{\circ}$  in the shade and the sailors found the open trolley cars of Port-au-Spain pleasant to ride in. The party ashore had a fine time and had much to tell on their return.

Festivities on board all the boats were the order of the day. Rear-Admiral Thomas, of the second squadron, gave a reception on board his flagship; then all gathered for the Christmas banquets on their own ships.

The cooks had spread the various mess-tables with Christmas dainties and the fifteen thousand pounds of plum pudding assisted greatly in the Christmas feast. Harry and Jake had been busy with the other boys in trimming up for the great day and had wound the electroliers with gold and silver paper, so everything was glittering with tinsel if not with ice and snow.

The little Christmas trees brought with them from the States were decorated with real colored candles and placed in position on the tables, and presents and Christmas greetings were exchanged, with many thoughts of the dear ones at home; then, when the merry evening was over all sought rest, for hard work lay before them on the morrow.

Next morning coaling continued and another party took their turn in going ashore. The last call for the mail sounded and the men hastened forward with hands full of the postal cards they had bought on the island and the Christmas wishes they had written so far from home. Harry and Jake were among the fortunate ones this time. On landing they found specimens of many nations, black and white, rich and poor; for Trinidad is very cosmopolitan.

This island is nearly square, about fifty-five miles long by forty broad. Since 1797, it has belonged to Great Britain, though the name of its capital, Port-au-Spain, tells of its colonization by the Spaniards and its occupation later by the French.

Its products are for the most part sugar, cocoa, molasses and rum. The soil is fertile and well watered, and timber is abundant; but since the emancipation of the slaves, the difficulty of procuring labor has interfered with the prosperity of the island.

Port-au-Spain could scarcely be seen from the ships, built as it is on a low plain, embowered in tropical verdure. It has many churches and public buildings and the busy streets of its business section boast of fine arcades and mercantile establishments, while a noble statue of Columbus stands in the public square.

Many of our sailors had never before been in a tropical country and they were greatly impressed by the beautiful residence streets with their avenues of stately palms, and after a stroll through the town, they were glad to take refuge from the heat in the shady parks and botanical gardens.



They were specially interested in the fruit-stands. Of course, lemons, oranges, pineapples, bananas, and cocoanuts were old friends to Jake, but he had never seen the fresh figs and dates, the mangoes, pomegran-

ates, guavas, custard apples, mangosteens, breadfruit, and many other luscious fruits which grow to perfection in this tropical land. The gardens were filled with flowers of every hue; high mountain ranges rose in the background, and tall sugarcane and waving



A COOLIE HUT

palms gave a touch of strangeness to the beauty of the scenery.

The Americans saw none of the aborigines, who were numerous in the time of Columbus. The cruel treatment they received at the hand of the Spaniards soon reduced their number, until now there are only a few survivors and those are mainly of mixed descent. But the parrots of brilliant plumage still abound and these so delighted the seamen that they purchased two

and carried them back to their ship to add to their collection of pets.

To labor on the plantations and do the other work of the island, the white people of Trinidad were compelled to procure coolies from India; so now we find the East Indians working for the West Indians. There are about eighty thousand of these coolies now in Trinidad, forming one third of the population; and they are taking the place of the negroes, who are diminishing in number.

The sailors were interested to see these strangers from the Orient, who live, dress and work much as they do at home in India. Some of the women are very beautiful.

Most people know Trinidad best from the asphalt we have all seen, with which we pave our city streets. This nearly all comes from the lake of liquid pitch which is in the western part of the island. It is reached by a small steamboat running from Port-au-Spain, and on arriving at the spot the traveler sees the gray, barren surface, seamed and cracked and wrinkled from heat and pressure. This is the famous asphalt deposit and it appears to be practically inexhaustible, for as fast as it is removed from the surface, a fresh supply seems to be forced up from the volcanic depths below.

This so-called lake is one of the wonders of the world. It covers a circular area of nearly one hundred acres and it has been estimated that it contains 4,500,000 tons of asphalt, so we probably shall have enough to pave our streets for some time to come.

Sir Walter Raleigh, who first introduced the potato

and, more doubtful benefit, made the tobacco plant known, in Europe, appears to be the one who first put this asphalt to practical use. The seams of his vessel opened from the heat and, the stock of pitch which he had brought from Europe having given out, he softened with grease some lumps of this mineral pitch or asphalt which he had found on the shores of Trinidad and used it to stop the leaking cracks. He gave an account of it on his return. This asphalt is now in the hands of the Barber Asphalt Company and for their rights they pay each year enough to defray all the expenses of the government of the island.

Sir Walter Raleigh had not come to Trinidad for asphalt, but he was attracted, as the Spaniards had been, by the fabled tales of El Dorado. The Indians told stories of a wonderful lake with golden sands, on whose shore stood the city of Manoa, with untold wealth of gold. Here lived their king, El Dorado, the golden one. The greedy search for gold which followed brought misery and death to both white man and Indian; to Sir Walter as well as to many a humbler adventurer; while the real treasure, the pitch lake of asphaltum, lay unheeded in their grasp.

In the eastern part of the island is a wonderful mud volcano. The surface of a large tract of ground is covered with little cones of steaming mud about two feet high. The explosions of escaping gases frighten the superstitious negroes in the vicinity. They say, "Debbil, Debbil there. Too much bobbery," and will not be induced to visit the spot after dark. Scientists think there is some connection between the pitch lake



in the western part and the mud lake in the eastern part of the island.

When the shore party returned to their vessels they were tired with all the new sights they had seen. They found the coaling was over, for, in spite of the tropical weather, the men had worked with a will and soon the great fleet was ready for departure. Moving in beautiful order, they sailed through the turbulent Dragon's Mouth and were soon out on the open sea. The longest single stretch of the cruise lay before them, for they were not to stop again till they cast anchor at Rio de Janeiro.

### A NEW YEAR'S CELEBRATION

THE fleet moved in single file, led by the flagship Connecticut. The sailors were glad to be out on the blue ocean again and the ships steamed merrily on their way. The men were kept busy, for, besides the usual work of the ships, there were frequent gun drills for the marines and sword drills for the sailors. Everything had to be kept neat and trim and the men were required to open their kits for regular inspection. On pleasant mornings the bedding was not stowed away, but was lashed to the rails in the sunshine, and this kept all dampness from the sleepers.

Soon another holiday came round, and the monotony of sea life was again broken on New Year's Eve. When midnight came eight bells were rung for the new year and eight more for the old, then pandemonium seemed to have broken loose and the men gave the new year a rousing welcome.



A VILLAGE ON THE ORINOCO RIVER

Seizing all the band instruments, and with horns, bells, tin pans and iron spoons, and in fact everything that could make a noise, they marched up and down the decks, shouting and singing snatches of their favorite songs till every one was tired out. Then, their fun over, they sought their hammocks once more, and quiet reigned.

Since leaving Trinidad, the fleet had been sailing steadily southward and many signs told the men that they were now nearing the equator. The lingering northern twilight had disappeared and almost instant darkness followed the setting of the sun; daybreak came and the sun rose with a suddenness that was startling and poured the full glory of his beams upon

the scene; the skies appeared bluer and soft breezes seemed to tell that they came from tropical climes.

All seemed peaceful and harmonious, but danger was impending for the unwary. The day before the fleet crossed the line—it was a bright sunny day and the ships were bowling along at the rate of ten knots an hour—all of a sudden the sailors heard a loud cry, “Ship ahoy!” They looked up and saw a small boat with a red flag flying.

The officer on the bridge gave a signal to slacken speed and answered the call, “Ahoy!” A funny-looking old salt jumped out of the boat and clambered up the side and went directly to the bridge, where he greeted the captain and they shook hands, as though they had met before. It was Neptune’s messenger and taking the mail from the bag which he carried, he gave it to the captain to give to the crew. Then he disappeared most mysteriously.

The ship started up again and the mail was delivered to those who had never before crossed the equator. It was a summons which said, “This is my letter, warning you to appear before Neptune’s Court, when it comes on board.” All understood that this summons must be obeyed, and, as the boys say, when morning came “there was something doing.”

A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men,

and crossing the line—in other words, crossing the equator—is a great event in the sailor’s world. The origin of the queer custom is not known, but Neptune’s appearance, when the ship crosses the equator, has the



sanction of such long usage that no one dreams of disputing his sway.

The old sailors prepared to initiate the landlubbers and long before the eventful day old salts might have been seen by the watchful ones in various secluded places, doing mysterious things with green and yellow calico; others were picking oakum from rope ends to make wigs, and great preparations were made to get up costumes worthy of the seagod and his court.

In the night a large tank had been prepared on deck and beside it three rough chairs were placed for the use of the barbers who were to give the customary shave to the newcomers.

At the appointed time, Neptune appeared, bearing his trident, and accompanied by his queen, Amphitrite, clad in a robe of flowing green and yellow calico, with streaming tresses made of rope ends, while a numerous retinue of grotesque and frightful-looking creatures added to the imposing scene.

The barbers sported hoary beards and wigs made of oakum and wore elaborate robes of divers colors. They flourished wooden razors made from boards three feet long, and their solemn looks were enough to dismay the stoutest hearts, but the worst was yet to come.

Neptune issued his orders and, as each unwary victim was seized and placed in the chair of state, a spring in the seat sent him flying, head over heels, into the tank, which was half filled with dirty water, mixed with machine grease and lamp-black. Here other attendants of Neptune scrubbed him and filled mouth, nose, and ears with the greasy suds. Spluttering and struggling,

the initiated one gained the deck and made way for new victims.

Jake had just settled himself behind a gun and was enjoying the woes of his neighbors, when they spied him and seized him for the next effort. He reached the bottom of the tank with a turn that would have done credit to any stage, and, slippery with soap, gave a wriggle and twist that soon landed him on the deck, safe from his tormentors.

The fun was fast and furious, and rough but not ill-natured. The whole day was given up to sport and frolic, and evening shades found private parties in various secluded nooks trying to clean up after the dire doings in "Neptune's Tank for Newcomers." But the worst was over. All the sailors were now old salts and free to cross any line on Neptune's watery domain.

Soon after this Jake had his first experience of a real tropical rain. The showers of the north were nothing to it. The water fell in torrents and the air was so filled with the downpour that fog whistles had to be sounded all the while it lasted. The men could neither see nor hear through the falling raindrops.

That night the fleet had a great excitement. At five bells in the mid-watch, when those not on watch were sleeping most soundly, they were all roused by the deep boom of a gun from the Missouri.

The men jumped from their hammocks, not half awake, and the officers rushed from their cabins to see what could be the matter. Some of the young midshipmen in their excitement believed that war with the Japs had broken out, and that, at last, they should see

active service; but their dreams were shattered, for almost instantly the electric lights turned on the signal for "Man overboard!"

The engines of the entire fleet stopped, searchlights were turned on the water, and for nearly an hour they searched and watched, but nothing could be seen. Finally it was found that a man, sleeping on deck near an opening, had rolled into some rain water; dreaming that he had fallen overboard, he had screamed out in his sleep, "Man overboard!" The cry was heard all over the deck, the alarm was sounded, and the fleet stopped. All had a good laugh when the truth was discovered. They were sorry to have lost the time, but glad that the sailor was safe on board; and that what might have been a sad mishap was only a dream.

The vessels were now nearly opposite the mouth of the Amazon, the greatest river in the world, though not the longest. The Amazon drains over two million square miles of territory. It carries down such vast quantities of silt that the blue ocean looks muddy for a long distance from its mouths.

The great estuary at the mouth of the Amazon is one hundred and eighty miles across. Vessels can travel over ten thousand miles on its waterways and in time this great river system, reaching from the Atlantic to the foot of the Andes, seems destined to bear the commerce of a great continent upon its mighty bosom.

It flows through vast fertile regions, at present inhabited chiefly by wild tribes of wandering Indians. On its banks grow great trees, and bright flowers and birds of brilliant plumage abound. This region is the



home of the gigantic *Victoria Regia*, of wonderful orchids, and of moths and butterflies some of which measure twelve inches across the wings.

The trees on each side of the river are matted together with clinging vines, forming a network so thick that it is almost impossible to walk through the forest without an axe with which to cut a path. These rough paths usually go from one rubber tree to another; for gathering rubber is one of the great industries of the country, and the rubber from the valley of the Amazon is the best in the world.

There are rough shacks in the little clearings, but these are few and far between and are inhabited chiefly by rubber-gatherers and their families. Their little boats lie drawn up on the banks of the stream, for the river is their great roadway.

Para, at the mouth of the Amazon, and Manaos, on the Rio Negro, one thousand miles inland, are two great ports for the export of rubber.

Cacao trees grow to perfection in this fertile valley and in places the river bank is lined with them for miles. From the seeds of these trees fine chocolate is made and the shells of the seeds are used for cocoa. All the products of the tropics grow luxuriantly in this region and there seems to be no limit to the future development of this portion of Brazil.

Many of the sailors wished they could see this mighty river, of which they had heard so much, but they were too far from land. Some of the more observant ones thought they could distinguish the yellowish discoloration which comes from its muddy

waters, and possibly they were right, for it is claimed that this discoloration has been noticed six hundred miles from the shore.

### ON THE WAY TO RIO

As THE days rolled on, the men seemed to have entered a new world and when night came the heavens themselves appeared unfamiliar. Even Jack Tar's old friends the North Star and the Big and Little Dipper had deserted them, and the Southern Cross was blazing before them in the sky.

Mile after mile brought the ships steadily nearer to their goal, and the days were busy with work and drill. The reveille bugle call sounded at half-past five each morning; then the sleepers jumped from their hammocks, cleared up the sleeping-space, and in fifteen busy minutes were ready for their early cup of coffee; then they hastened to the deck, where the usual work of scrubbing awaited them.

Many hands make light work, so there were really no very heavy tasks for any one man and, helping one another, they soon had the ships in fine order. Of course, they were sailing over a summer sea and splashing in the water was good sport in that warm climate. In wintry weather and in icy seas it would not have been quite so pleasant.

At half-past seven there was an excellent breakfast ready for them, after which they donned the uniform for the day, as ordered. At half-past eight, the sick call was sounded, when all seamen not well had to report to the doctor, then ship and men were ready for inspec-

tion. At "general quarters" the officer in charge of each division inspected his men, reported upon their neatness, and took the names of the absentees. On Sunday morning the captain and chief executive officer took part in this inspection. Then followed two hours devoted to drill. The principal drills were:

Great gun drill	Fire quarters
Infantry and light artillery	General quarters
Boats, under oars or sails	Clear ships for action
Signals	Coaling ship
Collision and abandon ship	

Every fifteen minutes there was a short rest, and the drills were not given all at once, but were changed every day for the sake of variety.

In the gun drill the men went through all the motions of loading, aiming, and firing the great guns and they made great efforts to do all in the shortest time possible. In the infantry drill they went through the regular manual at arms, for on land sailors frequently have to perform the duties of soldiers, so a knowledge of the use of the rifle is quite necessary.

Sometimes the order would be given, "Away all boats," then there was a general competition in the fleet to see which ship could make the best time in getting its boats, with full crews and the necessary arms, ammunition, food, etc., into the water. The results were announced from the flagship and were a source of great pride to the successful competitors.

When the collision drill was ordered all the watertight doors in the hold must be closed in the shortest



time possible and the collision mat placed over the ship's side to cover the imaginary hole. The sailors told a good story about Admiral Evans in connection with this.

He was sent to Germany in command of the fine new armored cruiser New York for the opening of the Kiel Canal, and became good friends with Prince Henry of the German navy and his brother, Emperor William. The emperor was dining with Admiral Evans, who was captain then, and after dinner he expressed a desire to see the ship and particularly the engine-room. It was one o'clock in the morning by that time and, as the ship was in a friendly port, the crew were asleep and the furnace fires were banked down for the night.

The emperor seemed greatly interested and looked into every hole and corner; then he asked Evans how long it would take him to close all the water-tight doors. Evans told him that in the daytime it would take thirty seconds, but at night perhaps it would take two minutes. The emperor asked if Evans would mind doing it *then*.

Of course Evans could not well refuse the request of such a guest, but when he tried to blow the signal to close the doors, there was not steam enough to make a sound.

Emperor William thought he had a good joke on Evans and said, "Now, you see, captain, you can't close your bulkheads." But Evans was ready, as usual, and saying, "You will see in a moment, sir," touched the button which gave the signal for the general alarm.

Obedying the call, "All hands to quarters," the men

came swarming from every part of the ship, and Evans gave the order to close the water-tight doors. The emperor took out his watch and timed the men himself, and in one minute and a half all the compartments were closed and the entire ship was ready for action.

When they went aft, where every one could hear him, Emperor William said with a smile, "Captain



THIRD DIVISION SIX-INCH GUNS CREWS

Courtesy of Bureau of Navigation

Evans, I cannot imagine that a ship could possibly be in better condition." And in the World War this same Emperor William found out that when the signal was given for the American navy to land men and supplies in Europe this navy was ready for action and equal to the emergency.

The men soon became proficient in the fire drill, which had its own particular signal, when all water-

tight doors and the hatches were closed and streams of water were turned upon the imaginary flames.

“General quarters” called every man on the ship to take his assigned position for fighting, and “clearing the ship for action” consisted in clearing the upper decks of extra rigging and everything not required during a naval engagement. While this was being done, the ship’s boats were lowered into the water.

From ten minutes to twelve till one o’clock was the noon hour, with a good dinner and rest for the men. From half-past one to three o’clock came another period of instruction. The officers gave short talks to the men upon various subjects and they practised sighting and firing the great guns.

After this, except twenty minutes for light calisthenics, the sailors had the time to themselves till half-past five, when supper was served. Then hammocks were swung and in times of peace the men were at liberty until nine o’clock, when, unless there was permission for some special festivity, concert or minstrel show, the men not on watch retired for the night.

There were no regular drills on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and this gave additional leisure time to the seaman; and after inspection by the captain and divine worship on Sunday the men had a quiet Sabbath morning.

This is the general routine on an American man-of-war, though of course it may be changed, when other duties, or severe cold in the North or extreme heat in the South makes a different program desirable.

Good care is taken of the men in every way, and



if it is found that an undesirable person has enlisted, he soon receives his discharge, while increased pay and promotion to higher rank are the reward of those who are diligent and ambitious. Jake was pleased to hear that his record was so good that he was soon to be advanced. Harry, from being third-class electrician, was promoted to the second class; and he resolved that if hard work and study could accomplish it he would soon be in the first class.

Besides the honor and glory, the pecuniary rewards of the navy are also worthy of consideration. If a man serves twenty years, he may retire on half pay, while thirty years' service entitles him to three fourths of his pay as a pension. Wartime counts double time on the record. Though the lowest rank of common seamen receives only \$21.00 per month at the time of enlistment, the increases are so rapid that a man who enlists at the age of eighteen, if he saves only half his pay and invests it in the ship's bank, or some similar institution, at the expiration of thirty years' service will have over \$30,000, and this capital, with his pension, will give him a good living for the rest of his days. In case of his death while in the service his family may apply to the United States Pension Department.

Good care and medical attendance are provided for the men, and our nation shows every desire to deal liberally with its brave defenders.

Jake and two or three of the other boys of his age were sitting on the deck one night and watching the big boats sailing over the silvery sea, when they saw Harry Willis approaching. The fame of his stories

had spread among Jake's friends and they hoped he would have a little time to tell them one that evening, so quite a circle gathered around him.

"What kind of a boy was Admiral Evans?" asked Jake, whose imagination had been fired by the accounts of the glorious victory at Santiago de Cuba.

Then Harry settled himself down on a coil of rope, and told the boys the story of the boyhood days of their brave commander; and it was a true story, for he had read most of it in the admiral's own book.

Rear-Admiral Evans was born in the mountains of Virginia, August 18, 1846. His father died when the boy was about ten years old, and his good mother moved to Fairfax, Virginia, so that he could attend school. After a while he was sent to Washington to live with an uncle and go to school there.

He was fond of visiting the Capitol and seeing all the celebrated people, and there he made friends with the Congressman from Utah. Evans had never seen salt water, but in some way he had formed a great desire to go to sea. Mr. Hooper told the lad that if he would go to Salt Lake City to live for a short time, he would appoint him to the Naval Academy at Annapolis as cadet from Utah. At this time Evans was only about twelve years old, but in four days he was ready to start on the long journey across the plains.

All the young boy's worldly possessions were contained in an old-fashioned traveling bag. His money, in gold, was sewed in a belt and buckled round his waist under his clothing, and he had his ticket to St. Joseph, Missouri.

Everything went well till he reached Davis, a small town near his destination, where, as it was before the days of Pullman cars, the passengers were to spend the night. Giving his bag to the hotel clerk, young Evans retired to rest. In the morning he found that his key would not unlock the bag which was given him; and upon further investigation it was discovered that his bag had been taken by an old gentleman who had gone east on the train at two o'clock in the morning. Upon being opened, the bag was found to contain a gentleman's full outfit. Among the articles of clothing there were half a dozen beautiful, fine, ruffled white linen shirts, any one of which would have made two or three garments for the small boy. The plight of the forlorn little traveler interested the hotel guests and the contents of the bag were soon auctioned off for a sum more than sufficient to replace what had been lost. How disgusted the old gentleman on the eastbound train must have been when he opened his traveling outfit!

Evans had to make the long journey to Salt Lake City alone, but friends in St. Joseph met him, and helped him find a place with a party of five, bound for California. Wagons were bought and stocked with provisions, blankets and all that was needed for the trip across the plains, including rifles and ammunition, for traveling was difficult and dangerous in those early days.

Evans rode a large gray Mexican mule, which he afterward said could out-kick and out-bite anything he had ever seen. It was well he had learned to ride in his early home in the Virginia mountains, for the gray mule was a difficult animal to manage.



Crossing the prairies, there was work for all to do, and the young boy was assigned to assist the cook in preparing meals, but he was excused from keeping watch at night.

Passing through the Kickapoo Indian country, the party headed for the South Platte River and were soon among the buffalo, for in those days, great herds of these animals covered the plains. At one time the travelers drove for three days through a herd of buffalo without reaching the end of it.

They passed many emigrant trains in the Platte valley. Sometimes there were as many as fifty wagons in one party, all loaded with men and their families, the pioneer settlers of our great West. A strict watch had to be kept at night, for marauding bands of Indians were on the lookout for something to steal, especially horses.

The emigrants stopped in the buffalo country to secure a supply of meat. The canvas covers of the prairie schooners, as the big wagons used for prairie travel were called, were removed and strips of meat were hung on the ribs of the framework to dry. This meat, called jerked meat, was soon dried and would last till the travelers reached the Pacific coast.

The little party crossed the Platte about one hundred miles east of Pike's Peak, which few persons at that time had ever ascended; then they struck off toward Fort Laramie. Evans, being a little boy, could sleep in the wagon at night, though when they were not in the rattlesnake country, he sometimes wrapped himself in his blanket and curled up under the wagon. The

travelers rose at daybreak and soon the simple meal of coffee, bread and bacon, or game, was ready and they gathered round the camp fire to share it.

At Fort Laramie they bought a fresh stock of supplies, and it was two days after leaving this post that they had their first serious trouble. In trying to cross a little stream the first wagon stuck in a swampy place. Not being able to drag it out, the party decided to wait till morning, and see what could be done by daylight; but when morning broke they found themselves surrounded by hostile Indians.

Soon rifle shots were flying fast and the fight lasted for ten or twelve hours. The Indians burned the wagons after taking what they wished of the stores, but the party saved their horses and rifles and were very glad to get off with their lives. This was young Evans's first experience of real fighting.

They made their way back to Fort Laramie, bought a new outfit and proceeded to try again. After that, they had frequent Indian skirmishes. Once, near Fort Bridger, they were caught in an ambush by a band of Blackfeet. Fortunately these Indians had no guns, but their arrows did much mischief. One of them struck young Evans in the left ankle, went through his rawhide stirrup and into a rib of the mule he rode.

It was a difficult matter to get him off the saddle, for the poor mule kicked and struggled whenever they tried to come near him. Finally they lassoed the animal's hind legs and had to saw the arrow between the stirrup and the mule's side before they were able to release the boy. Fortunately the wound was made by

a hunting arrow and his ankle soon healed. Other exciting days followed, but the party finally reached Fort Bridger in safety. They were kindly received and remained there several days to rest and prepare for the long trip before them.

There was a fine trout stream near the fort and young Evans watched the Indians catching fish. The Indian fisherman had a short stick to which was fastened a copper wire with a loop at the lower end. The Indian would watch his chance to slip the loop over the head of a fish, swimming by; then with a jerk would throw it out of the water, upon the bank of the stream. Such fishing as that must have required great skill and patience.

After leaving Fort Bridger the party made its way to Robinson's ferry on the Green River. This trading-place was kept by a man who traded in furs and kept supplies for the Indians and emigrants who crossed at the ferry.

Our travelers put their horses and the mule in an enclosure near the storehouse, where they thought they would be safe. Soon a troop of Bannock Indians rode up and offered to swap horses. One of the party went with them to show the animals, but when the enclosure was opened the Indians gave a frightful yell that startled the horses and away they all went, down the bank of the stream.

The loss of their horses and the delay it caused the party was a serious matter and the travelers were greatly rejoiced two days afterward to see the friendly chief Washakie appear. Hearing of the trouble, he



volunteered to go in pursuit of the thievish Bannocks and, gathering up a band of his warriors, he started off.

At the end of four days he came back with a drove of horses and told the white men to take what were theirs. Of course there had to be a grand celebration of the victory, Indian fashion, and during the pow-wow Washakie came up and, taking his powder measure from his belt and filling it with whiskey, said, "Little Breeches, drink that." This showed that even the rough Indian knew it was not right to give the boy more than a thimbleful of liquor.

But the fire-water of the white man made trouble among the Indians. Little Breeches, as they called him on the plains, had rolled himself up and gone to sleep under a wagon, when he was seized and thrown on an Indian pony by a son of the good chief Washakie. The boy rolled off the pony and ran for his life to the storehouse.

The Indian, who had been drinking, followed and said he wished to take Little Breeches home with him, and would do him no harm. The white men persuaded him to wait till morning and talk things over. Then Washakie himself came and said that they would bring the boy back in ten days.

Washakie was a fine-looking chief, straight, and over six feet tall. He had always been a friend to the whites, and the boy's party said he would have to go with them. The Indians gave young Evans a fine time. They had a camp of a thousand people and the boy enjoyed the hunting and fishing and the Indian sports. The Indian boys invited him to take part in their

wrestling matches and he could generally throw them, but could not hold them down. They could easily wriggle out from under him on account of their greasy skins.

Washakie taught him to shoot like the Indians, with bows and arrows, and to use the lasso. The chief also had his favorite squaw make a complete Indian suit for the little boy and we may imagine how proud young Evans felt all trimmed up with beads and feathers.

One day they camped near a river where willows grew in great profusion. Taking his knife, young Evans cut a twig and made a whistle. When he walked up to the warriors and blew a piercing blast they scattered in confusion, but seeing what it was they were greatly delighted and they kept the boy busy for the next few days making whistles. Not only the Indian children, but squaws and warriors too, were soon marching up and down through the camp, solemnly tooting on willow whistles.

Evans was so little and so brave that he soon won the big chief's heart. Washakie wished to keep him and said he would make a great warrior of him; but the white boy longed for life on the deep blue sea, and though he enjoyed the ten days with his Indian friends, he could not give up his own people.

At the appointed time, faithful to their promise, the Indians took the boy back to the ferry. Washakie gave him presents of bows and arrows, and bead-trimmed clothing, then said good-by and left him with the white men.

Evans's party were still at the ferry and they were

glad to see him safe again, for they had thought he would never return. The travelers had passed the dangerous Indian country now and the rest of the journey was uneventful. They crossed the Rocky Mountains through the South Pass, and found great herds of elk roaming over the country, while mountain sheep were numerous.

This open-air life was a new experience to the city boy and it helped to make him strong to endure the burdens of later years. The dangers of the trip were now over and in due time the party reached Salt Lake City, which seemed very beautiful to the weary travelers.

The boy found Mr. and Mrs. Hooper glad to see him and he made his home with them till he received his appointment to Annapolis, and it was time to return to the East. He came back by the stage coach and had a safer, if duller, trip.

Crossing the Missouri River, he was soon on board the train for Washington, which he reached in August. He was ready to enter Annapolis in September, the first naval cadet appointed from Utah.

Young Evans passed his entrance examinations at Annapolis on September 15, 1860, and was assigned as acting-midshipman on the frigate *Constitution*, *Old Ironsides*, on the twelfth of the same month. The young midshipman made a good record in his studies and remained a student in the naval academy until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he was assigned to active service in the navy.

The listeners were delighted when they heard that



their beloved commander had begun his sea life on the renowned Constitution, and Jake, who had learned them at the settlement, recited the stirring lines which have made the name Old Ironsides so familiar to us all:—

### OLD IRONSIDES

AYE, TEAR her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rang the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar;—  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquered knee;  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!

—O. W. HOLMES.

## RIO JANEIRO

AFTER leaving Trinidad, the vessels were nearly three weeks in reaching Rio Janeiro. Sailing down the coast, the sailors came to have a clearer idea of the great size of Brazil. As they met the many vessels loaded with the products of its fertile soil, they began to realize that, though now in its infancy, this republic is destined to be one of the great commercial countries of the world.

Brazil is great in extent and great in undeveloped resources. Its area exceeds that of the United States, exclusive of our insular possessions, and nearly equals that of Europe.

We often think of South America as Spanish, but we may think of Brazil as Portuguese. Those of its eighteen millions of inhabitants who use the white man's tongue speak the Portuguese language, and for many years its emperor was a member of the Portuguese royal family. In 1887 Brazil became a republic.

Its chief executive, President Penna, is pre-eminently a man of peace—a role quite unique in South America, where revolutions and insurrections seem to be the order of the day. He has never dipped his hands in blood. He was for many years a teacher of political economy in a Brazilian university. He is a man of fine education and his studies have given him broad views, which are shown in the development of the country under his administration. The people know him to be tried and true, and having served four years as vice-president, in 1906 he was elected president for the four following years.

As the Atlantic Fleet neared Rio, the vessels ap-

proached an opening which looked like the mouth of a river, but, sailing in, they found themselves in what seemed to be a beautiful landlocked sea.

As the ships entered they hoisted banners and fired a national salute of twenty-one guns to the flag of

Brazil, which was instantly answered by the batteries of the bay. The American ships took with great precision the positions assigned them and, answering the signal from the Connecticut, the sixteen anchors sank as one to the bottom of the bay, the "chug, chug!" of the machinery



RIO JANEIRO AND HARBOR

ceased; the revolving wheels stopped; and a heavy weight of labor and responsibility rolled from the shoulders of both officers and men. One third of the long cruise was over and all were glad to be safe in harbor again.

As the sailors looked about them they were struck by the fantastic shapes of the surrounding hills. Some



of these seemed to form the outlines of a sleeping human figure; one was almost the exact shape of an old-fashioned sugar loaf; while in places the gigantic granite rocks, piled up in strange confusion, resembled ancient fortresses.

The great basin of water on which the fleet floated was somewhat pear-shaped. It was some thirty miles long by twenty broad, and five mountain ranges, coming down to the shore, formed a magnificent background to the beautiful scene. Batteries and forts occupied many of the islands at the entrance and the rounds fired in salutation to our fleet woke the echoes of the bay.

This beautiful sheet of water was first visited by De Solis in 1515, and it would have been well for him if he had gone no farther; for a little later, when he reached the mouth of the La Plata, he went on shore and was killed and devoured by savages, before the eyes of his shipmates on the vessel, who were powerless to aid him.

Magellan visited the bay in 1519. The Indians called it Nictheroy, meaning "Hidden Water," a name which the Brazilians have given to one of their vessels. It was afterward called Rio de Janeiro, or January River, because it was named on the first day of the new year. Later explorations revealed that it was not a river but a beautiful bay, where the navies of the world might ride in safety, sheltered from storms by the background of forest-covered mountains.

The sailors were surprised to see so few Brazilian warships, but Brazil could make no great naval display, for she has been a peaceful power, and her fleet

consists principally of gunboats and dispatch-boats, suitable for use on her great rivers, and torpedo boats for harbor defense.

Brazil has heretofore made no pretensions to being a naval power, but recent developments indicate that she intends to take her place in naval affairs as well as in other matters. It is stated on good authority that she has placed orders for twenty-nine battleships and cruisers, and that three of the battleships are to be larger than any of our present fleet. They are to be of the type of the British Dreadnaught and they will exceed the strength of any other naval force in South American waters. Brazil extends over a great extent of country with diversified interests, and perhaps a navy that they can all be proud of will prove a source of common interest and help to unify the people.

The bum-boats were busy from the time the fleet entered the harbor and, in addition to the usual supplies, every variety of tropical fruit was temptingly offered to the sailors. The venders spoke Portuguese, but business principles were the same as on the bum-boats at Hampton Roads, the policy being to give as little as possible, and get as much as possible for it. Languages may differ, but human nature is much the same the world over. Poor Jack is fair game when he touches land.

The Brazilians gave our men a warm welcome and there was the usual round of receptions, dinners, banquets and balls. Shore leave was arranged for the sailors and Jake and Harry, as first-class liberty men, went ashore with the first party.

When Harry and Jake landed they found that the Y. M. C. A. was busy in Rio as elsewhere, and had thoughtfully provided many things for the comfort of the sailors. In one building a place had been arranged where our men could exchange their money for the Brazilian currency; for though our fleet may pass around the world our money does not, unless we pay a heavy discount. Then there was a rest building with a bureau of information and writing-rooms, where pens, ink, and paper were furnished and where stamps, postal cards, and so forth might



STATELY PALMS OF RIO

be obtained and letters mailed to friends at home. Admiral Evans always exercised fatherly care over his men and he had been wondering how they would get on when they landed, for scarcely one of them could speak a word of Portuguese; but the Y. M. C. A. had provided for that contingency also, and had English-speaking guides ready to conduct parties about the town



and to show them all that was best worth seeing in Rio Janeiro.

The city of Rio Janeiro lies on the western shore of the bay, and its dingy old quarter, dating from the sixteenth century, is in strong contrast to the modern portions of the town. The march of progress goes on at a rapid pace in Rio Janeiro and its civic improvements are extensive and important. New dockage facilities are in course of construction which are to cost some seventy million dollars. Central avenues, one hundred and twenty-five feet wide, have been cut through the old portion of the city. These have been planned to resemble the Avenue de l'Opera in Paris. The new public buildings are to be erected on the principal avenue and as Harry with his friend wandered along he was reminded of the exposition at St. Louis, for the new municipal palace is a reproduction of the beautiful Brazilian Building at that world's fair. The streets of the city were filled with well-dressed, busy people; and in the business sections crowds of jolly-looking negroes were carrying bags and bales of merchandise. The colored people here are slaves no longer, for Brazil has given them their freedom.

The residence streets and avenues of Rio Janeiro are made attractive by rows of royal palms which seem to attain perfection in the favoring soil here. Their beautiful round silvery trunks rise like stately columns, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high, and end in an arching canopy of feathery, fernlike leaves. On one broad avenue, four rows of these stately palms extend for over a mile, and there is

another fine avenue of them in the beautiful botanical gardens.

The boys were struck by the sight of the piles of coffee on the wharves and in the warehouses. For a time it seemed as though all they could smell and all they could see was coffee. There was coffee in bags and coffee in heaps; coffee clean and coffee unclean; but always coffee. The boys found it easy to believe the statement that over five million bags of this fragrant berry are handled each year at Santos and Rio Janeiro. We may regard the latter city as the real center of the coffee trade, for though great quantities are shipped from Santos, it is Rio that gives its name to the coffee and furnishes money for most of the ventures. It is not all Rio coffee, however, that comes from Rio. The finest berries are sorted, polished, and colored, and then sold as rare Mocha and Java.

The people in charge of all this coffee have to keep a sharp watch, for there is great loss from theft. The watchmen have to look under the wharves as well as on them; for thieves make their way in boats to a spot above which the piles of coffee lie and bore a hole through the planks; then they put a pipe up into the bags, and down comes the coffee into the boats. Even among those who carry the bags there are dishonest ones who have various tricks for stealing. One of these is to make a break in the bags and let some of the coffee fall into their shirt sleeves, whence, as they raise their arms, it rolls down to their waists. They sometimes manage to secrete quite a quantity; but honesty is the best policy, in Brazil as in other places, for the owners

employ detectives and guards and sooner or later the thieves are caught and severely punished.

Some of the great coffee plantations extend for miles and one of them has over six million coffee trees. The various processes of cultivating the trees, gathering the berries, and preparing the crop for market, furnish employment to thousands of people.

In 1904 Brazil exported 1,600,000,000 pounds of coffee and last year she sent to the United States alone 778,559,591 pounds, valued at \$57,559,591. Jake thought how many coffee cups that would fill for breakfast and realized that there was good reason on both sides for the friendly feelings between the two nations. The boys had heard Hawaii called the sugar-bowl of the Pacific and they thought Brazil well deserved the name of the great coffee-pot of the world.

When the sailors "hit the beach," as they expressed it, they had been on their own feet so long on ship-board that they were all anxious to ride. Horses, mules, and even donkeys were pressed into service and the people gathered round to see the fun, for Jack Tars are not usually good riders. One man was quite a surprise to the crowd. As he mounted a spirited nag, they thought he would be sent sprawling on the sand; but he had been a cowboy on the plains and the horse soon found that he had met his master. The people had been waiting to enjoy the sailor's discomfiture, but they broke into cheers when they saw his feats of horsemanship.

As the boys climbed the hills behind the town, they had a fine view of the magnificent bay and could see



their fleet swinging at anchor. How beautiful the great white ships looked, floating on the blue waters! The docks were lined with foreign vessels; for the products of the vast herds of cattle which roam over the plains and of the immense plantations of coffee, cotton, sugar-cane, and tobacco fill many ships and are sent all over the world.

Farther over on the hills they could see the house of the American legation. It was a beautiful villa, built in Brazilian style of stone and stucco, with a fine portico upheld by Doric columns. It was only one story high, but had many rooms and was lighted by electricity, so the American minister had at least one of the comforts of home.

Brazil is not only rich in agricultural products, but also a country of great mineral wealth. There are valuable deposits of gold, silver, iron, and copper; and diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, and topazes are also found. The boys had seen many fine jewelry establishments as they came through the city.

Harry and Jake passed many beautiful country residences on their way up the hillside, and looking through the open gate of one of them they saw a little black-eyed girl playing with her brother. She pointed her finger at the ships in the bay and then, laughing and calling out, "Americanos!" she threw something toward them. It was not a stone, however, but some delicious fresh figs from the trees in the garden. The boys said, "Thank you," and enjoyed them greatly, as they did the other fruits which grow so abundantly in that favored spot.

They soon had a chance to try some more, for a Brazilian cart came by loaded with fruit for market. The boys held up some of the little copper coins called *reis*, and managed to make the man understand what they wanted. He sold them all the fruit they could eat. With delicious oranges they quenched their thirst.



IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS OF RIO

When evening came the parties returned to the ships and had great tales to tell of what they had seen. The men all knew Brazil as "the place where the nuts come from," and they now had a chance to see the nuts in their native clime. The sailors brought back the usual stock of postal cards and many home friends were made happy by receiving greetings and views from the beautiful bay of Rio Janeiro.

The visit to Rio was greatly enjoyed and all were sorry to say good-by to their hospitable entertainers. On the day set for the review of our fleet by the Presi-

dent of Brazil there was a violent storm. It was a scene of wild grandeur, when the firing of the artillery and the crashing of the salutes were answered by the flashing lightning and the rolling thunder, which echoed and re-echoed from the heights of the surrounding mountains.

The ships—looking like great phantoms, half obscured by the ocean mist—as they passed out of the bay fired a national salute in honor of President Penna. They received in return a farewell salute from the batteries of Fort Villegagnon.

One day, as the battleships sailed southward, the wireless apparatus began to show signs of life and soon came a message from officials of the Argentine Republic, expressing regret that the Americans could not pay them a visit, and saying they were sending six of their ships to a certain place to visit the fleet. Our ships, however, had made such good time that they were then a hundred miles beyond the place assigned for the meeting.

Then the Argentines sent another message. In return Admiral Evans gave them the latitude and longitude of the fleet and made an appointment for the next day. Harry learned this from the telegraph operator, so he and Jake were on the lookout for strange vessels.

Our ships prepared to receive the visitors and the Atlantic Fleet, stretched out in column formation for nearly four miles and led by the flagship Connecticut, made a fine display on the blue waters. The six ships of the Argentine navy appeared and rapidly approached our column. Flags waved, bands played, and



the two fleets steamed along within three hundred yards of each other.

Then the admiral of the Argentines came on the deck of his flagship and gave a salute of fifteen guns to Admiral Evans. Fifteen guns is the salute given to a vice-admiral, and though Evans had not yet received that rank, there was not one of his men who did not feel their veteran commander richly deserved it.

In response to the fluttering signals from our flagship, our great cannon boomed in a salute of fifteen guns to the admiral from Argentina.

"Two fleets like these," one of the officers remarked, "have never met before in peaceful greeting on these seas." Then the great guns boomed again in the national salute of twenty-one guns for the two sister republics.

The Argentine admiral asked if there were any message he could carry ashore to send to the United States. Admiral Evans gave him one and the two fleets parted.

Harry and Jake were sorry our fleet could not stop to visit the Argentine Republic, for they would have liked to see Buenos Ayres, the beautiful city on the La Plata. They ransacked the ship's library for books and read with great interest all they could find about Argentina.

The first Europeans who visited the country were Spaniards, who were in search of a southwest passage to India. They were led by De Solis, who, going ashore, was killed and devoured by the ferocious natives. This was in 1515. Later the country was visited by

Magellan, and in 1527 Sebastian Cabot anchored off the site of the present city of Buenos Ayres. He explored the great river and named it La Plata, or silver



THE MOLE AT BUENOS AYRES

river, on account of the great number of silver ornaments worn by the natives.

The Rio de la Plata, which separates Uruguay from the Argentine Republic, is over one hundred miles wide at its mouth, and, with its great tributary, the Parana, it furnishes inland navigation for over twelve hundred miles into the fertile interior.

Argentina was colonized by Spain and, after many vicissitudes, became an independent republic. It covers

an area of 1,135,840 square miles; so it is about one-third the size of our country exclusive of Alaska and our insular possessions. The best soil of Argentina is found along the rivers and in it the fruits and products of the temperate zone grow in perfection.

The fertile plains of Argentina have become one of the great wheatfields of the world. Its last crop was 155,993,000 bushels, which was sold at a good profit. Its virgin soil will yield still greater quantities when the full area is properly cultivated.

To Harry and Jake it seemed strange that the Argentine farmers sow their seed when we are reaping our harvests; and that, when our farmers are ploughing the fields, theirs are sending the sacks of golden grain to market; but so it is. Seasons are reversed in the lands which lie south of the equator.

The farmers of Argentina have many things to contend with in raising their great crops of wheat. Perhaps the worst of these is the plague of locusts, which often comes just when the crops look most promising. Millions of these insects fly in swarms which darken the sky and, devouring every green sprig in sight, leave desolation and ruin behind them.

We can scarcely believe that these little creatures which look something like grasshoppers could stop railway trains, but they have actually done so in Argentina. The swarm settles down, covering the tracks, the cars crush them, the rails become slippery and slimy, and the wheels spin round and round without moving onward.

The farmers fight for their lives. They crush,





THE PLAZA AND CATHEDRAL OF BUENOS AYRES

poison and in other ways kill these insects; but the next year comes a fresh supply, borne on the wind from the wilds of Brazil; so these locust pests are a serious problem.

The great plains of Argentina, covered with pampas grass, furnish natural pasture land for immense herds of cattle and sheep, which form an ever-increasing source of wealth. Hides, tallow and wool are exported in great quantities and ships fitted up with refrigerating plants carry cargoes of frozen beef and mutton to Europe. Sometimes there will be a hundred thousand sheep belonging to one sheep ranch.

The men who care for these mighty herds are a

mixture of the native Indian and the Spanish races. They are called Guachos. They are dark and swarthy in color, and with their slouch hats and belts stuck full of great knives they look very fierce indeed. They live in mud huts about fifteen feet square. The floor is of earth and there is little or nothing in the way of furniture. The women do the cooking outside in the open air. The meal usually consists of beef, cut off in large slices and cooked over the fire. These people eat without plates or forks, so housekeeping is a very simple matter in Argentina.

The men of the plains, like our cowboys, are great horsemen and, though they live in a rough wild way, when they ride into the little villages for supplies their saddles and spurs are gaily decked with silver.

Farther inland, beyond the plains, where the Andes Mountains separate this country from Chili, there is great mineral wealth, as yet undeveloped. One of the high peaks of the Andes, Mt. Aconcagua, is on the western boundary. The level surface of Argentina has furnished an ideal place for the work of the railroad engineers and a perfect network of railroads covers the country in all directions; so travel is easy.

Buenos Ayres is on the south bank of the great estuary which forms the entrance to the Rio de la Plata, so it is well situated for commerce. It is the metropolis not only of the Argentine Republic, but of South America, and it is the largest Spanish-speaking city in the world. Buenos Ayres means *good air* and the city has plenty of it, whether it comes with the east wind from the Atlantic or from the pampero—the bracing, healthful wind which blows over the vast plains.

Buenos Ayres is somewhat like an Italian city and is regularly built, its streets crossing at right angles. In the older portions of the town the streets are narrow and badly paved, but the newer sections are laid out in accordance with modern ideas.

As one third of the people of Argentina are foreigners, we find many nationalities on the streets of Buenos Ayres. There are many Italians, Spanish, and



PAMPAS OF THE ARGENTINE

French and, as large amounts of English capital have been invested in the country we may often hear our own familiar English language.

Beef, veal, and mutton of excellent quality are to be had in the markets of Buenos Ayres, and good flour also. Chickens are sold by peddlers, who are a funny sight mounted on their little ponies with great wicker cages full of chickens, going through the town. One queer thing South Americans eat is the armadillo. This



name, armadillo, was given by the Spaniards and means "clad in armor," for the creatures so-called have a bony or shell-like covering, jointed like armor, so that it is flexible and permits freedom of motion. The several plates or pieces are joined by bands, which grow as the animal grows; so his coat of mail always fits him.

The armadillo has a long tail covered with bony rings and its head, shaped somewhat like that of a pig, is well adapted to burrowing in the ground and digging up the roots and small insects upon which it feeds. It lives in its burrows underground and is seldom seen, as it usually comes out only at night. There are several species of armadillos, varying in length from five to fifteen inches and they are found from Nicaragua to Argentina. These animals, when food is plenty, grow very fat and, roasted in their shells, are considered a great delicacy by the Portuguese and Spaniards of South America.

The city of Buenos Ayres measures eleven miles from end to end and covers twice as much ground as Paris. For miles its business streets are lined with shops filled with the luxuries and necessities of life and on the residence streets there are some beautiful homes.

There are many fine squares in the city; one of these is the Plaza de Mayo, of which the people are so proud. Facing on this are the president's house, the Halls of Congress, the Court building and the bolza or stock exchange. On the opposite side is the great cathedral, which covers an acre of ground and holds nine thousand people. The women here are beautiful, of the Spanish type, and we may imagine the gay scene on Sunday

mornings when they come from church followed by the admiring glances of their friends.

Leading out from the plaza, to the westward, is the beautiful Avenida de Mayo, which cost the public-spirited citizens ten million dollars in gold. The people are liberal in religious matters and many different denominations have fine churches, which are scattered throughout the city. Though the population is now 821,291, all this has not been accomplished without great effort, for the city has no natural harbor. Ships must anchor six miles from the shore and send passengers and freight ashore in little steam tenders. Two piers, each fifteen hundred feet long, have been built to assist in the landing and other improvements are in contemplation. The first permanent settlement of Buenos Ayres was in 1580. And when we see what has been accomplished since their declaration of independence, July 9, 1816, we must think that Argentina well deserves to be called "The Yankee Land of South America."

### DOWN THE COAST OF PATAGONIA

AS THE fleet went on its way down the coast of Patagonia the increasing cold and dampness began to be felt. Jake had performed his duties so faithfully that he was sometimes allowed to assist in serving meals in Admiral Evans's cabin, and he saw each day the lines of pain deepening on the admiral's face and knew that the hero he had grown to love was in great suffering. Others saw it, too, and the knowledge had gone through the ship.

“What is the matter with Admiral Evans?” Jake asked Harry, and the latter told him of the wounds which had never been cured. Evans had received them in the Civil War, in the second attack on Fort Fisher. His name was first on the list of volunteers. He was placed in charge of the commodore’s barge, a large boat holding about thirty-five men; this was followed by about two hundred smaller boats.

As soon as the order to land was given, there was a rush for the beach. Before dark all of the attacking party were landed and enough provisions and ammunition to supply them in case of a storm. They were about a mile from the fort, but under fire from the sharpshooters.

The next day the Union forces advanced, till they were some twelve hundred yards from the fort, where they waited the signal to charge, which was to be given by the steam whistles of the fleet. About three o’clock in the afternoon the signal whistles blew and the men started for the run of twelve hundred yards across the loose sands. The guns of the fort opened fire upon them and many a boy in blue laid down his life upon the shining shore.

When they were about six hundred yards from the fort, the twenty-six hundred muskets of the garrison opened fire upon them. The men went down, again and again, before that deadly hail of bullets, but rallied at the call of their officers, till they were so near they could hear the voices in the fort.

Up to this time Evans had escaped, but as he stood to take aim, a shot took him in the breast and turned



him completely around. He saw the red blood oozing from the hole in his coat, but pushed on, leading his men. A moment later the bullet of a sharpshooter hit him about three inches below the left knee. The force of the blow threw him on his face on the sand, but, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, with the assistance of a friend he tied up the wound and pressed on.

His leg seemed asleep, but he was able to use it. He was still leading his command and with seven men had just got through the stockade, when the same sharpshooter sent a ball through the right knee, and as Evans fell he realized that for him fighting was ended for a time. He tried to tie up the wound with another silk handkerchief, while the sharpshooter, determined to finish his work, continued to fire at the wounded man. At the fifth shot Evans was struck in the foot. Then his patience was exhausted and, taking aim, he fired and silenced the sharpshooter forever.

One of the marines came rushing into the stockade and, lifting Evans, ran with him to a more sheltered spot. Later he carried him fifty yards farther down the beach and dropped him into a hole made by an exploding shell. Just then the marine himself was shot and dropped dead near him. After this Evans fainted from loss of blood and lay unconscious.

The tide soon came in, covering the beach and filling the hole with water. It was up to the wounded lad's ears when he roused. He could not use his legs in any way and as he dug into the sand with his hands it crumbled in his fingers. It seemed as though slow drowning in the sandpit were to be his inglorious por-

tion, but finally he discovered a marine near by, sheltered behind a sandbank, and with the aid of a pistol persuaded him to come and drag him to a place of comparative safety.

As Evans himself tells the story, he says the scene on the beach was by this time dreadful in the extreme. Dead and wounded officers and men lay on the sand as far as eye could see. The pitiful cries for "Water, water, water," were heartrending. In time a fireman from the gunboat Chicopee came along. He said that if Evans could sit on his coal shovel, he could drag him to a place of safety.

They tried this, but the man was soon shot through both arms, so that ended the effort. Finally, when night came, two men who had been sent for Evans found him and carried him a mile and a half to the Union lines. The doctor, seeing he was so badly wounded, thought little could be done for him, and when the lifeboat got through the surf, he was taken with other wounded men to the gunboat Nereus.

They were just putting him on a cot to carry him below when he saw a signal torch calling the flagship and in a moment he read the message, "The fort is ours." What cheers broke from the fleet! Even the poor wounded men rejoiced that their sufferings had helped to win the victory.

Early next day they started for the naval hospital at Norfolk, Va. There Evans was lifted into a comfortable cot and, slipping his revolver under his pillow and drawing the blanket up about him, was soon fast asleep. He waked in time to hear the doctors say, "Take off both legs in the morning."

Sleep was over for that night and the poor wounded lad did some hard thinking. The next morning the doctor's assistant, who was a personal friend of Evans's, came into the room. Evans saw they hated to tell him the truth; so, facing the difficulty as he had always done, he said he had overheard the conversation of the previous evening. He was only eighteen years old at this time and he said he would rather die with his legs on than have to live without them; and he asked the doctor to do what he could for him without amputating them. The doctor said, "You know, Evans, orders have to be obeyed." They went over the matter again, without effect. At last, losing his patience, Evans seized his revolver, saying that there were six cartridges in it, and that he would kill six men before he would let them cut his legs off.

The doctor's wife and little girl were very kind to him, and youth and good blood carried him safely through the awful sufferings of that dreadful time. Through the long months he struggled on, though he was so weak that he could not lift a finger, but finally he was able to be taken to a friend in Philadelphia.

The medical board had placed him on the retired list as unfit for further service, but Evans had no thought of retiring from active service at the age of eighteen; so he applied to Congress for relief and was finally restored to his rank and assigned to the *Piscataqua*, sailing for China. Such terrible injuries could never be made well, but the iron determination of Evans to do his duty, legs or no legs, has carried him through all difficulties. All the fleet knew the story of those



early days and they listened with deep sympathy to the news from the admiral's cabin. The chill air of Patagonia brought back the old aches and pains, but, even when unable to be on the deck, Admiral Evans planned and directed the movements of the fleet.

### THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

THE vessels were proceeding on their way in the usual formation, when, on the thirtieth of January, a commotion began in the electrical department. Harry saw a wireless message was being received and soon heard that it was from the repair ship *Panther*, which was awaiting them inside Cape Virgin, in more sheltered waters.

The weather was cold and squally and as the fleet approached the cape at the entrance to the Straits of Magellan, the sailors saw the blackened ribs of a forgotten wreck lying on the desolate shore. A few hundred yards more would have brought the unfortunate vessel to a place of safety, but they could only conjecture the fate of her unknown crew and thank the overruling Providence which had brought them safe thus far.

The battleships soon met a merchantman flying the British colors and several tramp steamers going eastward on the favoring ebb tide. These tramp steamers have no settled destination, but go from port to port, picking up cargoes wherever they can. The sailors rejoiced to see the ships and made signals of greeting to the men on board.

The fleet soon rounded Cape Virgin and entered the



THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

Straits of Magellan and moved on carefully. In the afternoon they cast anchor, that they might have full daylight for the dangerous passage. While they were waiting Harry told Jake the story of the daring navigator who first sailed through these straits, which still bear his name. Magellan, born in 1470, was of noble family and served in the household of the Queen of Portugal. Offended by the unjust treatment he had received from the king, he offered his services to Spain. It was a time of great activity in exploration and discovery, and he was soon sent on an expedition to discover a western passage to the Spice Islands. He had five small ships; one was lost at sea, and the captains of three of the four remaining mutinied near Cape

Virgin, and had to be executed and their vessels abandoned. Then Magellan made the daring attempt to find a passage, through the straits, to save the long journey of over one thousand miles round Cape Horn.

It was in 1519 that the expedition sailed and his vessel, the *Victoria*, was the first to circumnavigate the globe, for three years later she came sailing home to Spain by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Her captain and sailors had a sad story to tell of their misfortunes, the greatest of which was the loss of their brave commander. We have another reason to remember Magellan, for it was he who discovered and named the Philippine Islands; and he lost his life there at the hands of the savages on the island of Cebu.

The next day was cold but clear and they could see white sheep barns, and shepherds gathered to watch the ships from the low sandy shore. The dangerous places were passed in safety, Bob Evans having been there before. Soon came a more familiar sight: the telegraph poles of Punta Arenas stretched along the horizon and the men rejoiced to think that they soon could have news direct from home.

There was a flutter of birds as the vessels sailed on and dwarfed beech trees grew back of the low, sandy shores. Soon came another wireless, this time from the Chilian cruiser, *Chacabuco*, which was waiting near Punta Arenas to welcome them. Admiral Simpson of the Chilian navy and Mr. Hicks, our minister to Chili, were on board and had brought with them the latest charts to assist the fleet to make the dangerous passage.

As the fleet approached Punta Arenas they saw the



long, low sandy point which gives it its name. It is on the northern coast of the Straits of Magellan, about one hundred and ten miles from Cape Virgin, and the boys saw many vessels passing east and west on this great highway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans—now an American ship bound for the Philippines or for Alaska, now one flying the British flag, carrying frozen meat from Australia to London.

The low, dingy houses of the town, for the most part one story in height, looked uninviting; but there was comfort within, for Punta Arenas is a busy port and many men of wealth live in this seemingly undesirable spot. The fleet dropped anchor in the roadstead and found a warm welcome awaiting them. The government of Chili had sent orders that every courtesy should be shown the visitors; and had placed the cable lines at their disposal, with instructions that their telegraph messages should be transmitted free of charge. Many hearts at home were thus gladdened by the good news of the safe arrival of the fleet.

As the sailors looked across at Tierra del Fuego, they were astonished to see American gold-dredges for washing out the precious gravels. Gold in paying quantities has recently been found in the islands at this southern end of the Andes; and a little mining town, Porvenir, has sprung up across the strait from Punta Arenas, and is now the most southern town in the world.

The great mountain chain which we call the Rockies and South Americans the Andes, the backbone of the American continent, drops precious metals from its treasures all the way from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego;

and miners are busy, with improved scientific appliances, gathering in the gold, from Nome to Porvenir.

The Governor of the Magellans, as the islands to the south are called, has his residence in Punta Arenas and a detachment of four hundred Chilian soldiers to help him keep up his dignity and prevent him from feeling lonesome. Jake and Harry used to hear the little band play for the drill every morning and it played very well, too, for the southern people are fond of music and are good musicians. They saw just one fine house built of brick which had been brought from Europe; but, as the wool from a sheep ranch is worth many thousands of dollars, before long this little town at the end of the world may have many beautiful homes.

The people of Punta Arenas seem to come, like the ships in its harbor, from all parts of the world, and one hears all sorts of languages on its streets: English, German, Italian and Russian are spoken as well as Spanish and Indian dialects, and the broad accent of the Scotch shepherds falls upon the ear, for Punta Arenas—or Sandy Point, as some Americans call it—is the center of the great sheep-raising industries of Patagonia.

Perhaps, like Jake and Harry and many others, you may always have thought of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego as lands of gleaming ice and snow, and of fiery sunsets; but southward in Tierra del Fuego and northward from Punta Arenas stretch plains covered with sparse verdure upon which thousands and thousands of sheep feed unsheltered all winter long. These flocks are the riches of the country, and many of their wealthy

owners live in Punta Arenas. The sheep, divided into groups, are guarded by mounted shepherds, each of whom has several collie dogs to assist in the duty. These dogs are well trained for their work. A wave of the shepherd's hand sends them forward, another motion brings them back to him. They seem to know almost instinctively what they are to do.

The delay of a collier carrying six thousand tons of coal detained the fleet another day, but those fortunate enough to have shore leave enjoyed the sights of the town, and the good behavior of our men was a surprise to many. One cowboy-like shepherd with big sombrero and leather leggings was heard to exclaim with great disgust, "I've come a hundred miles to see them. Are they real sailors? Don't they never fight?" All were sorry for his apparent disappointment and the world can tell him that American sailors, if need comes, can fight; but they also know how to behave themselves and be a credit to the American nation.

Jake and Harry noticed that the natives of Patagonia are tall, the men being about six feet in height, but not the gigantic people they had been expecting to see. These Indians do not stand high in the scale of civilization and their numbers are steadily decreasing. They live in miserable shelters and seem to wear very little in the way of clothing. They eat whatever they can find or kill. If a sheep or other animal is more than they can consume at once, they bury the rest near the bank of a stream; then, after a few days, they come back and eat it. When Jack heard that they would eat dead fish and whales which had been washed ashore



he thought it was certainly true that there is no accounting for tastes.

The ships finally said good-by to their kind friends in Punta Arenas. Our torpedo flotilla had arrived and, with the addition of the repair-ship Panther and the "beef boat" Culgoa, the line stretched out five miles with the Chacabuco leading. Harry and Jake had hoped to see the towering mountains and great glaciers, and all the wonderful scenery which has been so well described; but alas! there was a head wind which blew the smoke and cinders and clouds of mist directly back at them, so that those on each vessel could see little but the stern of the vessel in front and the bow of the one following her. Occasionally the mist blew aside, and then they had glimpses of the grandeur about them; but for the most part it was very different from what they had expected. No wild masses of foaming waters tossed the vessels from side to side, but as steadily as if on a mill-pond the great ships moved on.

By this time Admiral Evans was confined to his cabin, but, ably seconded by Rear-Admiral Thomas, he planned and directed the movements of the fleet. He had made the passage of the straits before and knew where to look for difficulties. Drizzle and mist continued to spoil the view, but good luck, "Evans's luck," the sailors called it, continued to follow the fleet, which in due time was safe out on the Pacific Ocean. Good care and good seamanship would perhaps be better terms, for their trusty commander had led them through dangers where the slightest slip or mistake would have meant disaster.

The strait is about three hundred and sixty miles long, with a channel varying from two to twenty-four miles in width. It takes about four days to make the passage, as vessels have to anchor at night, because they need daylight to go safely through the intricate windings of the channel. One place near the western end of the strait is called "The Narrows." It is well named, for it seems so narrow that no ship could get through; it took Evans on his first trip only a few minutes, but the short time was full of danger. He says himself: "As we came up to the Narrows it seemed impossible that a ship could get through, indeed there seemed no opening, the turns were so short. But she went through, running thirteen and a half knots, and it was a beautiful sight to see her do it—at least the officers told me it was; I did not see much of it myself, for I had taken charge, and my blood was rushing, so that I was warm for a few minutes anyhow. I remembered afterward that every face—all the men on deck—was turned to me. We were in the Narrows scarcely six minutes, yet in that short time we had made nearly two complete turns."

Evans was in command of the Yorktown at the time he wrote this account of his passage, and was on his way to Valparaiso, where he did so much, single-handed, to uphold the honor of the American flag.

## VALPARAISO

THE government of Chili had sent an invitation to Admiral Evans to have the American Fleet stop at Valparaiso. Evans was not able to accept this, for he had been ordered to go on to Peru; but in view of the kindness of the Chilean president in sending a warship to escort them through the Straits of Magellan, the admiral wished to do what he could to gratify the people. He decided to vary his course and sail as close to the land as possible, so that all on shore could see the great American ships.

One of Harry's last gifts from his father had been a good pair of field glasses and, on this occasion, they were very useful. The ships sailed into the bay about one o'clock and, fortunately, Harry and Jake were off duty for the afternoon. They found a good point of outlook on the upper deck and greatly enjoyed the beautiful sight.

The fleet made a fine appearance as it entered the harbor at Valparaiso, which is the chief seaport of Chili. It is a town of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, built around a semi-circular bay, which forms a fine anchorage for ocean-going vessels. The foothills of the Andes Mountains, which are very near the ocean at this point, rise abruptly in the background, and there are many houses built on the terrace-like streets far up the hillsides.

Valparaiso is a modern style of town, well paved and lighted by electricity, and one frequently hears English spoken there, though, of course, Spanish is the language of the country. There is a population of

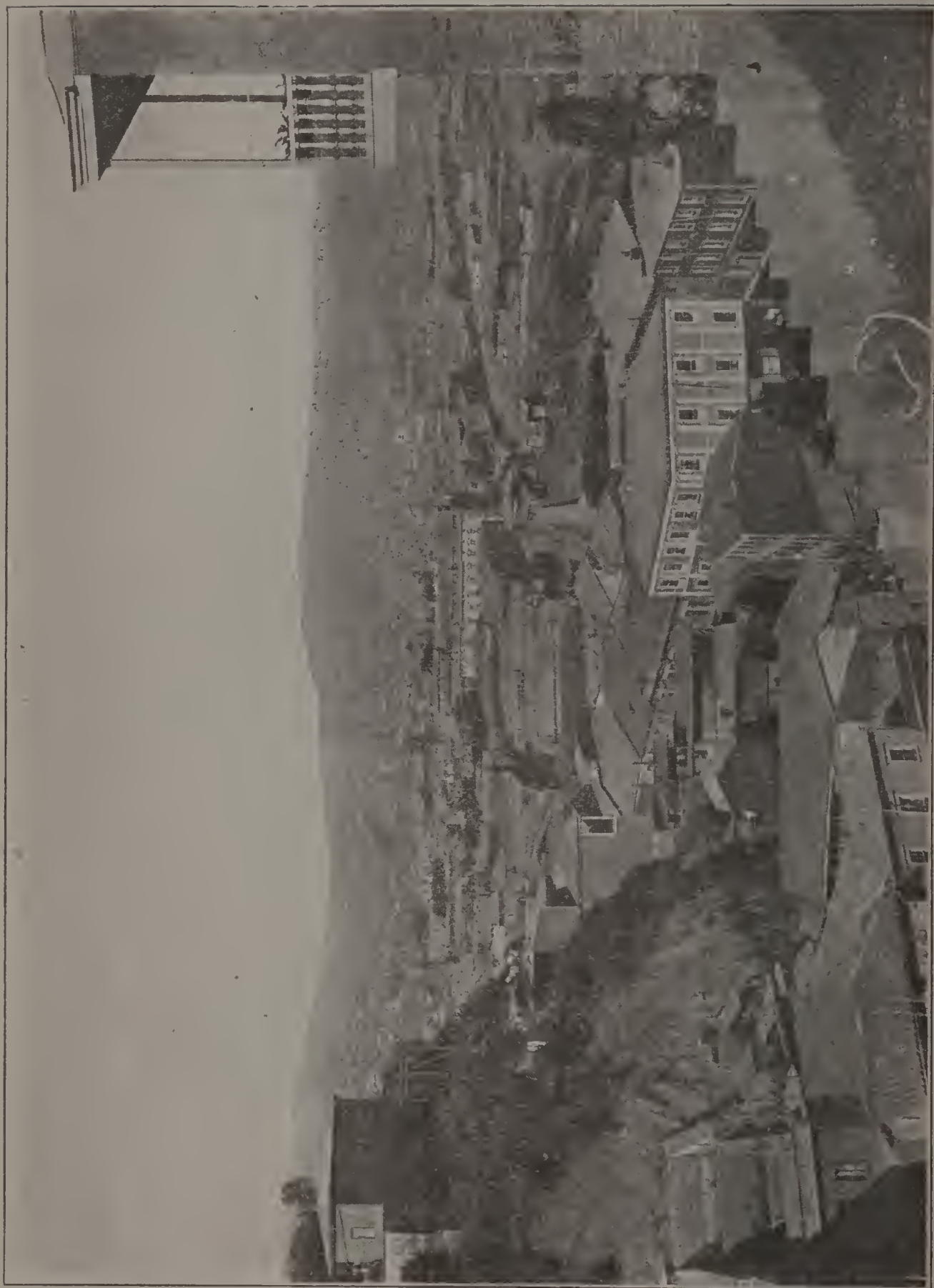


about three millions in the Republic of Chili, of which one third are pure white, the remainder being principally mixtures of the descendants of the Spanish conquerors and the native Indians.

Chili is a narrow country, varying in width from fifty to two hundred miles, but what it lacks in breadth it makes up in length, for it stretches two thousand six hundred miles from north to south along the Pacific Ocean.

If we could imagine Cape Horn placed at the southern extremity of Florida, the northern part of Chili would reach the northern part of Labrador. Such an extent from north to south of course gives it great variety in climate and products. Gold, silver, and copper are found in the mountains and even the desert yields quantities of the valuable nitrate of soda; though agriculture is the great industry of the people and wheat, vegetables and grapes and other fruits are raised in abundance and supply the less fertile sections.

Chili's exports are valuable, amounting to \$103,223,000 per annum; and her imports are valued at \$71,868,000. The Chilenos, as they call themselves, are the "Yankees of South America." They are good traders, enterprising and industrious, and Chili is one of the most progressive of the South American republics. Harry and Jake wished they could start out on an exploring expedition and thought they would like to ride in the street cars of Valparaiso. One of the sailors who had visited the city told them that on these cars the conductors were not men with brass buttons, but black-eyed Spanish girls, who smilingly extended their hands for



PANORAMA OF VALPARAISO, CHILI

the carfare. These girls wear a sort of uniform, of sailor hats, dark dresses, and aprons with pockets for tickets and money. The boys were told that, at the time of the war with Peru, the men left to go into the army and the women took their places and have done so well that they are still employed.

When the boys looked across to the highlands they could see the shipping which filled the harbor and the flags of many nations fluttering in the breeze; and, as they looked on the town, with its beautiful setting, they thought it well deserved its name of Valparaiso, or Vale of Paradise.

Admiral Evans had arranged to sail his ships slowly into and around the great crescent of the bay to its northern point, where the fleet was to be reviewed by President Montt of Chili. So the boys saw the whole of the imposing spectacle. The Chilean president reviewed the fleet from the old-fashioned training ship General Baquedano, which was stationed at the northern end of the bay.

As each ship entered the harbor, it saluted the Chilean flag with the national salute of twenty-one guns and the President received a similar salute as each ship of our fleet passed him in review.

The perfection of drill and the fine appearance of our vessels greatly impressed the people of Chili, who had gathered by thousands on the hillsides to see the ships, and the wireless was kept busy carrying complimentary messages to the admiral and the other officers of our fleet. They were all interested to learn that President Montt was a son of the President Montt





A PICTURESQUE STREET IN VALPARAISO

who was there in the days when Fighting Bob so bravely defended the honor of our nation.

“How did they come to call the admiral ‘Fighting Bob?’” asked Jake, and Harry told him the story of the admiral’s former visit to Valparaíso.

It was in 1891. There had been a revolution in Chili and the unsuccessful leaders had taken refuge with the American Minister, Mr. Egan, who gave them shelter to save their lives. An unfriendly feeling had developed against the Americans and two sailors from our ship *Baltimore* were treacherously killed and

eighteen others wounded, while they were peaceably on shore.

When Evans, with his small ship, the Yorktown, reached Valparaiso, he found the Baltimore looking warlike enough, but with no one to help her, and the bay inshore filled with the Chilian navy.

Evans was a captain then, and Captain Schley, whom we all remember so well at Santiago de Cuba, was in command of the Baltimore. The poor sailors had been killed in a most cowardly manner, having been stabbed in the back, with fifty Chilian policemen looking on, if not assisting. Captain Evans called on Captain Schley and reported for duty; then he called upon the Chilian officials. The feeling at first seemed principally against the Baltimore and her men, but later it became bitter against our whole nation.

Evans took pains to be scrupulously polite; he said at the time, "It is not my business to make trouble here, and I don't intend to give offence to any one, until I've orders from home, then I shall do it with my guns and not with my tongue." Evans believed that some of the Chilians had tried to assist our men, and this helped him to have some patience with the others.

While he was waiting anxiously for President Harrison's message to Congress, the Baltimore was ordered north. This left him to face the music alone. Matters went from bad to worse; then he received a message from Washington to keep his ship filled up with coal. They little knew him, to think such an order necessary; coal and everything else about the ship were ready for any emergency.

The bitter feeling increased and the situation continued critical. The Chilean soldiers and sailors were killing the defenceless prisoners who fell into their hands, and were clamoring for the refugees in the American legation in Santiago. News from home was not reassuring. Harrison was for war, the navy was getting ready for war, and it looked as though the dreadful clash were inevitable; but Evans was determined to save the poor people who had taken refuge under the American flag. The slightest error of judgment on his part would have precipitated a bloody conflict; but Fighting Bob was fighting for peace, not war. At this time, Evans himself had a narrow escape from an attack in the streets.

When New Year came, there was a grand celebration; and, as the leading Chilean warship sent off her guns and a flight of rockets, one of them—a war rocket—nearly struck the little Yorktown. It seemed to have been purposely aimed at the Americans. Evans promptly hoisted the American flag and turned his two searchlights on it. Any one wishing to do so could find him; but he would not let the Chileans say that his ship had been hit by accident. No more rockets came that way to trouble him.

Evans was now ordered to proceed inland to the capital, Santiago, to visit Minister Egan, and find out how matters were there. The American legation was surrounded with spies and police and the inmates were virtually prisoners. The signs of the recent sacking and looting of the town were visible and Evans said that he had never seen such wanton destruction.



By the end of the week matters became so much worse that Evans's boat was stoned; then his patience gave out. He was rowed straight to the Chilian commander and read the riot act to him; and told him that if there was any further trouble he would open fire on any who insulted his men or his flag. His position had become one of terrible responsibility and he could not sleep, thinking of what was best to be done.

That night Mr. Egan telephoned, asking Evans to have his steam-launch ready at six o'clock in the morning, as he was coming to pay him a visit.

Evans guessed what that meant, and soon the boat appeared with Egan and the unfortunate refugees. As Evans said, the American flag is a wonderful thing; and those men, who would have been torn to pieces on shore, were soon sleeping safe under its sheltering folds.

It was not only the refugees but also American business interests on land that Evans had to protect; but grit has made his career from first to last and his iron determination carried him triumphantly through all difficulties. More refugees came on board and, with their wives and families, the boat was crowded. Finally they were taken to a place of safety; but the spectacle of Evans with one little gunboat upholding the dignity of the American nation and defying, single-handed, the whole navy of Chili—nine ships to one—captured the popular imagination and he has been Fighting Bob ever since, though he really fought harder to keep the peace than he could possibly have done if there had been war. He was very glad when matters were amicably settled, and was not sorry to sail away from Valparaiso.

This time his visit was very different. The President of Chili and all the prominent government officials came from Santiago to receive the warships, and festive decorations were arranged in honor of the Americans.

One of the most noticeable of the decorations was a detachment of the sailors of the Chilian navy in white



ON THE HILL AT VALPARAISO

uniforms, which was massed on the hillside in full view of the bay. They were arranged so that their formation spelled the word *Welcome* in giant letters; and the American sailors cheered with a will when they saw this living embodiment of the spirit of hospitality. With a change of position, as our fleet sailed away, the white-clad Chilian sailors formed the word *Farewell*.

Times have changed since the days when Fighting Bob commanded the little Yorktown. It must have been a great gratification to Evans to return as admiral, commanding so superb a fleet; and the warm welcome he and his men received from Chili was a testimonial well worth having. It showed that, at last, the Chilians knew and appreciated Fighting Bob and his countrymen.

There have been many disputes between Chili and the Argentine Republic as to the boundary line between the respective countries. This controversy was referred to King Edward of England for settlement. His decision has been accepted by both nations and a noble monument has been erected and placed upon the boundary line in commemoration of the peaceful settlement of this important matter.

The following extract gives an account of the statue and of its erection:

The suggestion of Bishop Benavente as to the erection of a statue of Christ on the boundary at Puente del Inca was quickly carried into execution. As early as 1901, on the initiative of Señora de Costa, president of the Christian Mothers' Association of Buenos Ayres, one of the largest women's organizations in the world, the women of Buenos Ayres, who had already manifested the deepest interest in the new movement, undertook the task of securing funds and having a statue created. The work was entrusted to the young Argentine sculptor, Mateo Alonso. When his design was completed and accepted, the statue was cast at the arsenal of Buenos Ayres from old cannon taken from the ancient fortress outside of the city.

It was more than a year from the time that it was cast until it was placed in its destined position. On May 21, 1903, the Chilean representatives, bearing the treaties for final ratification, came by sea to Buenos Ayres. They were met down the river



and escorted to the city by a large fleet of gaily decked steamers. For a week there was a round of festivities. When the treaties were finally signed on the 28th of May, Señora de Costa invited all the dignitaries present—cabinet officials, foreign ministers, bishops, newspaper men, generals, admirals, etc.—to inspect the statue of Christ in the courtyard of the college, and standing at its foot with the distinguished audience about her she pleaded that it might be placed on the highest accessible point of the Andes between the two countries.

It was not till in February, 1904, that the final steps were taken for its erection. It was carried by rail in huge crates from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, then on gun carriages up the mountains, the soldiers and sailors themselves taking the ropes in critical places, where there was danger of the mules stumbling. Hundreds of persons had come up the night before and encamped on the ground to be present at the ceremony. The Argentines ranged themselves on the soil of Chile and the Chileans on the Argentine side. There was music and the booming of guns, whose echoes resounded through the mountains. The moment of unveiling, after the parts had been placed in position, was one of solemn silence. The statue was then dedicated to the whole world as a practical lesson of peace and goodwill. The ceremonies of the day, March 13, 1904, were closed, as the sun went down, with a prayer that love and kindness might penetrate the hearts of men everywhere.

The base of the statue is in granite. On this is a granite sphere, weighing some fourteen tons, on which the outlines of the world are sketched, resting upon a granite column twenty-two feet high. The figure of Christ above, in bronze, is twenty-six feet in height. The cross supported in his left hand is five feet higher. The right hand is stretched out in blessing. On the granite base are two bronze tablets, one of them given by the Workingmen's Union of Buenos Ayres, the other by the Working Women. One of them gives the record of the creation and erection of the statue; on the other are inscribed the words:

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Ar-

gentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

It is not easy to compare events and say which is the greatest. But taking it all in all, the long quarrel of seventy years which it closed, the arbitration of the boundary dispute, the general treaty of arbitration and the practical disarmament which preceded it, the remarkable transformation of public opinion expressed in its consummation, and the sublime prophecy of peace for the future which it gives not only for Chile and Argentina but for the whole world, the erection of the Christ of the Andes stands without parallel among the events of recent years."\*

### THE VISIT TO PERU

THE men of the fleet were looking forward to their visit to Peru and as the vessels approached the shores the crews gazed with interest on the scene before them.

The winds from the Atlantic drop most of their moisture upon the eastern slopes of the Andes. A few short rivers on the western slope are fed from the snow-clad heights, but a great part of the Pacific coast of South America is desert land, where rain seldom falls. But this sterile region of mountain crags and uninviting desert is full of mineral wealth. Gold, in varying quantities, is found everywhere in Peru, and Potosi is a veritable mountain of silver, while the nitrate beds and guano deposits of the coast have proved to be of great value.

The valleys and table-lands of the interior are very fertile, and corn, cotton, wheat, coffee, fruits and various other products are raised in profusion.

"As rich as a Peruvian," used to be proverbial, but

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\*The Christ of the Andes: The Story of the Erection of the Great Peace Monument on the Andean Boundary between Chile and Argentina. Published by the American Peace Society, Boston, 1905.



THE HARBOR AT CALLAO, PERU

their riches have brought misery to the people and terrible wars have desolated the country from the time of the Spanish conquest to the recent bitter conflict with Chili.

Peru contains about four hundred and eighty thousand square miles of territory or about one eighth as much as the United States, though it contains only about two and one-half million people, less than were living there in 1521, at the time of the Spanish Conquest.

The early Spanish settlements spread across the isthmus and, reaching the ocean, turned the thoughts of the explorers and adventurers to the shores of the Pacific.



Soon after Cortez conquered Mexico, Pizarro and two friends of his, then living at Panama, formed a plan for conquest and plunder in South America. Tales of the golden treasures of the country excited their cupidity and, though they were able to obtain only one vessel and a small force of men, they proceeded to explore the unknown lands to the southward.

Peru at that time had made great advances in civilization. The country was populous; some have estimated that it had forty million people, and the soil was systematically cultivated to support them. The inhabitants seem to have lived on the community plan, with land, food and clothing apportioned by government regulation. So they needed no money and their gold was used for the adornment of the Inca's palaces and of the temples, where they worshiped the golden sun-god. The Peruvian Incas were believed to be children of the sun and were revered by their people.

The government provided occupation for all; idleness was a crime in the eyes of Peruvian law and was severely punished. The masonry work of the Peruvians was very fine, and they built wonderful roads from one end of the country to the other. These roads were paved with broad slabs of stone, and the mountain chasms were crossed on suspension bridges of rope, some of them two hundred feet long. Swift runners ran along these roads, carrying the news from the capital to the most distant portions of the empire.

The country seems to have reached the pinnacle of its prosperity under the rule of the Inca Huayna Capac, who had greatly extended its dominions. When

this Inca died—or, to use the Peruvians' own expression, "was called home to the mansions of his father, the sun"—he had divided the territory between his two heirs. To his son Huascar he had given the country about Quito, and his other son, Atahualpa, had received the portion about the sacred city, Cuzco.

Atahualpa had claimed the whole upon the ground that his half-brother was not of pure Inca blood. The whole country had been plunged in civil war. Atahualpa, having his father's army, had been successful in the struggle and Huascar was a prisoner at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards.

The Spaniards' first expedition into Peru brought back glowing accounts of the fertility and riches of the country and, not receiving the help he desired from the governor at Panama, Pizarro returned to Spain and obtained a grant of six hundred miles of seacoast and the position of captain-general.

One hundred and eight men were all that could be raised, and with this small force Pizarro set out to subdue Peru. At their first landing, the Spaniards secured a great amount of treasure in gold and silver which they sent back to the isthmus and, by means of this proof of the riches of the country, a small additional force was secured. Messengers from the captive Huascar now came to Pizarro and solicited his aid against Atahualpa; and Pizarro, leaving part of his men on the seacoast, marched with the remainder into the interior.

Atahualpa received the Spaniards in the most friendly manner. The Peruvian monarch was seated on a throne which was covered with gold and adorned

with plumes and precious stones. This throne was borne by a detachment of his principal officers and followed by his army of thirty thousand men.

There seemed little prospect of success for the handful of Spanish adventurers; but, following the example



MAIN STREET, CALLAO

of Cortez, Pizarro, who was equally cruel and unscrupulous, determined to employ bold measures.

A demand was made at once that Atahualpa should renounce his religion and submit to the rule of the King of Castile. After listening to a long address from the white people, the Inca asked where they had learned all



these strange things. "In this book," said the Spaniards, holding up a breviary. The Inca took it and raising it to his ear, said, "It tells me nothing," then threw it on the ground.

True Christian feeling would have led to an explanation and gentler measures, but Pizarro was only waiting to carry out his well-arranged plan and as he gave the signal agreed upon, Atahualpa was seized and carried to the Spanish quarters.

The Inca's guard fought bravely and held on to the bridles of the Spanish horses, and as fast as one Peruvian was cut down, another took his place; but the unarmed Indians were no match for the mail-clad Spaniards and all their efforts were unavailing.

The roar of the Spanish cannon and musketry startled the defenseless Peruvians, who had come in friendship to meet the Spaniards. They fled in disorder and four thousand of them were slaughtered without the loss of a single Spaniard. The golden ornaments and plunder taken were of immense value and the Spaniards were filled with anticipations of what was still in store for them.

Atahualpa was plunged in despair at such a calamity. But he had found out the Spaniard's greed for gold and hoped to buy his freedom. The room in which he was confined was twenty-two feet long and sixteen feet broad, and he offered to fill it, as high as he could reach, with gold, if they would release him.

Pizarro agreed and a red line was drawn on the wall, nine feet from the ground, to show how high the gold was to be piled. This line may still be seen. Ata-

hualpa sent to all the great temples; and treasures of beautiful workmanship, vases and ornaments of the precious metal were gladly sent to free the Inca.

The Peruvians had become expert in working gold and silver. One thing they made which was very beautiful was an ear of corn with golden grains sheathed in silver; and another was a fountain of gold, with golden birds about it, and plants of gold surrounding the basin.

This great treasure was melted down by native workmen and divided among Pizarro's followers. It took the goldsmiths over a month, working day and night, to reduce the treasure to the form of ingots of gold. This amount of gold has been valued at \$17,000,000.

Atahualpa, having performed his part of the agreement, now demanded his freedom, but the perfidious Spaniard had no thought of keeping his word. He only sought a pretext to put the Inca to death and, after a mock trial, the Inca was sentenced to die by slow fire. The mockery of Christian baptism was given at the last moment and he was strangled by those he had welcomed as friends.

Having put Atahualpa out of the way, Pizarro declared a younger son of the late Inca his successor and the rapine and pillage went on. With or without the knowledge of Atahualpa, Huascar had been put to death in prison, and there seemed to be no one to lead the Peruvian forces against the Spaniards.

When the gold of the unfortunate Atahualpa was sent to the isthmus, adventurers flocked to Pizarro and

with increased forces he was able to penetrate into the heart of the country and take possession of Cuzco, the capital. Here the Spaniards found a treasure greater than that which they had obtained from Atahualpa. "All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description appropriated to religion were of gold or silver"; the very pipes which conducted water to the temples were of silver. Among the booty secured were dresses made of beads of gold, and planks twenty feet long made of silver.

The conquest of Peru was finally completed and in 1535 Pizarro founded the city of Lima. Here he lived in lordly style and held sway with an iron rule. He had been a swineherd in Spain and he had no chivalric idea of honor. His name became a byword for perfidy; and in the end he was paid in full for his murder of Atahualpa.

Enraged by his tyranny and oppression, the Spaniards formed a conspiracy against him; and on the night of June 26, 1541, he was attacked in his palace in Lima. He fought for his life with the courage of despair, killing three of his assailants before he was overpowered, though he was seventy years old at the time of his death. The feeling against him was so strong that his friends were compelled to bury his remains secretly. Perhaps our judgments are too severe when we use the standards of to-day. Pizarro lived in a wild, rough time, but his cruel treatment of the defenseless Indians and his many treacheries will always be a blot upon his name.

For the next three hundred years Peru remained



under Spanish rule. The Indians had the usual fate of helpless races. They were massacred in great numbers and, being forced to severe labor in the mines, many perished in misery. The tribes to the southward organized and made a determined resistance. They copied the military formations of their invaders and fought with desperation; but their simple cotton dresses were of but slight protection against Spanish cannon and muskets, and their arrows glanced harmless from the Spaniards' coats of mail.

The riches they gathered were for their conquerors and Lima became one of the greatest cities of the South. Some idea of its opulence may be gathered from the story that at one of the high festivals the Spanish viceroy rode from his palace to the cathedral over a pavement made of bars of silver, his horse was shod with gold and its mane and tail strung with pearls. The story seems almost incredible, but the Spanish archives bear witness to the immense amount of bullion which was sent to Spain.

The vast riches of the country were not spent for the benefit of the people, but were squandered by adventurers or sent across the ocean to fill the coffers of Spain. The colony suffered all the evils of bad government, till in 1821, after a successful revolution, it became a republic.

The discovery of the guano deposits and nitrate beds added wealth by the millions to Peru, and Chili began to cast covetous eyes upon adjacent Peruvian territory. A claim was trumped up and, in 1879, Chili attacked Lima. The Chilean army wantonly destroyed

property in all directions. The enemy camped in the university in Lima and destroyed historic records, books and valuable manuscripts.

The Peruvians fought with great bravery; even the schoolboys of Lima went out to the firing line; but they were overpowered and Chili retained the valuable territory. Peru thus lost a source of great wealth and many of her best and bravest sons fell on the battlefield in defense of their homes.

President Pardo is a lawyer by profession, but he fought in the war against Chili when he was only a boy of fifteen, so he was a real soldier boy. He has devoted his influence to advance the cause of education in Peru. He has greatly improved the schools and has done much to extend the railway system of the country. Our fleet thought it an honor to be welcomed by such a man.

Callao, where the ships anchored, is the port of Lima, which is built on higher ground, seven miles from the coast. Here it is safe from the great tidal waves which are sometimes so destructive. Can you imagine great ships swept inland and left high and dry on the land? That is what has happened at Callao.

The bay at the port was gay with flags and full of shipping when the American fleet came in. President Pardo and his officials came from Lima for the grand review and cannon roared in welcome. Everything was done to show their friendship and respect for our nation and perhaps Admiral Evans remembered the day his little Yorktown carried the poor refugees to safety in Callao, and Peru was a friend in time of need.

On the preceding visit his ship had experienced the

effects of what is called a "Callao painter." The white paint turned dark in a single night, necessitating the repainting of the entire vessel. This happens at intervals and by some it is believed to be caused by submarine earthquakes, causing the escape of sulphurous gases from the bottom of the sea. But this time there was nothing of the sort and the beautiful white ships remained beautiful and white to the end.

As many of the men as possible were given shore leave at Callao and were taken to Lima and entertained with feasts and receptions, ending with a Spanish bullfight. It was a notable sight to see our men, neatly dressed in uniform, filling tier above tier of seats in the great arena. But their faces were grave, for bullfighting seemed to the Americans a cruel sport, where all the odds were against the tormented animal. Once they applauded, but the applause was for the gallant resistance of the bull. The men in the arena ran more risk than our sailors realized and soon after the Americans left, one of the most expert of the matadors was gored to death by an infuriated bull.

After the performance was over Harry and Jake wandered about seeing the sights. They found plenty to amuse and interest them. Lima is a quaint old city of over one hundred thousand inhabitants. It was, as we have said, founded by Pizarro in 1535 and was a flourishing and substantial town long before the Pilgrim Fathers stepped upon Plymouth Rock. The university, founded in 1551, is the oldest in America.

The American boys visited the public square and were told that Pizarro was assassinated on the spot





HOISTING CATTLE ABOARD SHIP AT CALLAO

where the Peruvian President now lives; then they walked across the square to the old cathedral, with its two great towers, and were shown Pizarro's remains, which are kept there in a glass case.

Lima is in a land where rain seldom falls, and for the most part is built of adobe, or sun-dried brick. It is in a land of earthquakes, also, so the buildings are necessarily low, usually of one or two stories, and the heavy lower walls are five or six feet thick. Their earthen construction seems to sway with the tremors of the earth, so Lima has escaped the dreadful destruction which came to the cracking, falling walls of San Fran-

cisco. Lima is safe from another danger, also. The roofs are made of flat poles covered with earth and no great fires have occurred for the last three hundred years. If fire breaks out, the poles burn and the earth on them falls down and puts out the flames, so that they do not spread. The people of Lima do not fear fire, but they do dread rain. Even a slight shower does great damage.

The place looks very substantial with its massive walls, which, covered with stucco, have all the effect of cut stone; and the adobe has proved its value as a building material in so dry a climate. The city is a network of narrow, dark streets. There are no gardens or yards such as we have, but there are some fine public squares.

The houses are built around courts, called patios, from which they get most of their light and air. There are no chimneys sending forth black smoke, as in our cities, but nearly all the cooking is done over charcoal fires. The roofs are large and flat, but the space is not wasted, for chickens are raised up there, and one trying to sleep is often discouraged by the loud clucking and crowing which comes from the coops at daybreak.

Even the business streets of this quaint city are not more than from twenty to thirty feet in width. The sidewalks are only four feet wide, so only two can walk abreast.

The people are very polite and very well dressed, and Harry and Jake saw many beautiful girls and women. On the street the women drape black shawls over their heads in the style of the Spanish mantilla.

The streets are so narrow that there is little room for carriages, but small spirited horses are in general use and gay cavaliers ride about, their saddles and bridles plated with silver and their stirrups and bits



STATUE OF BOLIVAR IN LIMA

jingling and shining with the same bright metal. They do not tie their prancing steeds when they dismount but buckle short straps about the forelegs of the horses so the animals cannot run away.

The peddlers seemed a curious sight to the Americans. They carry their wares of various kinds in bags or panniers, slung on each side of the horses. The hucksters, men and women, ride astride; and milk,



bread, vegetables and provisions of all kinds are thus carried from house to house.

Lima is built on both sides of the Rimac River, which dashes down from the Andes in sheets of snow-white foam. Of course, coming down from such a height, it is a succession of cascades and rapids, and is not navigable; though it adds much to the beauty of the scenery and the health of the town.

The boys were sorry that there was not time to make the trip, by way of the great Arroyo Railroad, over the Andes Mountains; but they saw the queer locomotive and the little passenger car which were just starting. The road is used principally for carrying gold and silver ores from the mines, and there are only two passenger trains each week, for few passengers have business up there among the clouds.

The railroad follows for a time the course of the Rimac River and, as passengers go up from Lima, they pass in a few hours from the vegetation of the torrid zone to arctic regions of ice and snow. At the crossing point the road is three miles above the level of the sea, and mountain peaks around tower two thousand feet higher.

Admiral Evans made the trip when in Peru before, and he said of the railway: "It dwarfed all the railroad work I had ever seen; indeed all the work of any kind. It is certainly a monument to American genius and pluck."

The material used in the construction of this great road had to be carried up the mountains on the backs of the Indians, or on the little llamas which are the

beasts of burden in the Andes Mountains. Llamas are small animals, about three feet high from the ground to the back which bears the burden, though the camel-like head rises on the slender neck a foot and a half



WASH DAY IN THE COUNTRY NEAR LIMA

higher. They are as sure-footed as deer, and usually carry a weight of one hundred pounds. The llama knows what he can carry and if you overload him he quietly lies down and waits till the load is lightened. The Indians use llama flesh for food and these animals, like the vicuña and alpaca, yield fine and beautiful wool.

The Arroyo road does the work of thousands of

llamas and we may take pride in having some share in this wonderful work; for although it was a Peruvian who first suggested the idea and the route, a Californian named Henry Meiggs raised the money to build the railway, laid out the road and acted as chief-engineer. Mount Meiggs, 17,575 feet high, near the topmost point of the track, is named in his honor.

The road is not yet completed, but the most difficult part is done; the crossing of the Andes has been accomplished, and in time to come trains will cross carrying trade from the Atlantic seaboard to the shores of the vast Pacific; then Peru will again become one of the richest nations of South America.

Shore leave lasted till eight o'clock that evening, but the general round-up began about seven, to warn the unthinking that it was nearly time to depart. Harry and Jake made their way to the shore at Callao early, to be ready for the boats from their ship; but the sailors of the police squad had their hands full, for many Jack Tars are in some respects like spoiled children and some of this sort thought it fine fun to disappear into a shop or a place of amusement just when the guards thought they had them safely on the road to the bay.

The officers took it philosophically; there was no use in taking it any other way. The information, "Muggins has gone again!" brought the grave reply, "Too bad! He knows better," and Muggins's fate was sealed, as was that of those like him. There would be no shore leave for them next time.

The beach was a scene of jolly confusion. In one place a sailor was dancing a hornpipe for the amuse-



ment of an admiring circle, while near by another group listened with delight to the tinkling guitars, playing a Spanish fandango.

The shrill whistle of the boatswains rang out, as the boats of the party came up to the beach, but at last, tired and sleepy, but very happy, the men were safely landed on board the ships, and soon the call was heard, "Pipe down, clear the deck. All right! Get into your hammocks and keep silence about the decks."

Soon the excited voices of the loquacious ones subsided into drowsy murmurings. Then sweet sleep descended upon them and they went off to the Land of Nod, where Incas and alpacas, Pizarro and prizes, gold, silver and pearls mingled in wild confusion, and the Peruvian visit went into the treasure-house of pleasant memories.

### OUT ON THE PACIFIC

THE fleet was soon out on the slow-rolling swells of the mighty Pacific and, while the land of the Incas was fading fast in the distance, those on board the ships could catch the last glimpses of the snow-clad Andes. All were in joyful spirits, for they felt they were homeward bound.

A few of the troublesome sailors were paying for their Peruvian pranks and the officers of the watch were finding extra scrubbing and various disagreeable tasks for them to do; for in the navy sailors are taught the useful lesson that if you have fun you must pay for it, and they realized that their punishment was well deserved and so bore it with good nature.

When the ships were a day or two from land, most mysterious sounds began to make themselves heard on board. They were heard now here, now there; sometimes sounding above, sometimes seeming to come from the depths below. Tap, tap, tap! Had ghostly visitants risen from the briny deep? Were these unearthly knockings on the door of fate that resounded through the ships—a warning of impending disaster?

Jack Tar is fond of exercising his ingenuity and investigation revealed that many of the sailors were engaged in hammering the South American silver pieces into rings and trinkets for the loved ones at home, and the metal-work and pipes of the ship carried the sound in a way most maddening to nervous people. The disturbers received warning to confine their efforts to more seasonable hours, and peace was restored.

Besides the parrots procured at Trinidad the ships had the usual supply of sailors' pets. The three-legged goat, Billy, was the idol of the men. He knew everything but how to talk and, as the parrots could do that, no one minded his not knowing how. A well-timed butt from Billy would take even a veteran seaman off his sea legs and one never knew when this fate lay waiting, nor whose pride would have the next fall.

One of the ships had a tame bear. The cub was not old enough to be vicious and it wrestled with the sailors and tumbled in good-natured play all over the vessel.

Sailors have a variety of pets and the pets have varied adventures on their voyages. One very strange pet appeared on Evans' first cruise to Chili on the Yorktown. Mac, who had been on board the York-



TWO OF THE FLEET'S MASCOTS

town, told Jake and Harry the story. The boat was anchored in Bahia, Brazil, when Evans received orders to proceed to Montevideo and there await further instructions. Coaling was completed as quickly as possible and at the same time the necessary stores were hurriedly taken aboard. The cook of the ward-room mess complained of the loss of a black pig. The men decided that the animal had gone overboard through a porthole and made up their minds that they must forego the delicacy of roast pork.

When the vessel was about five days out from port, at two o'clock in the morning a delegation came to the



cabin and Evans was aroused by his orderly, who announced, "Sir, Dennis is found." "Who the mischief is Dennis?" asked Evans, "and why do you disturb me?"

The man explained that Dennis was the lost pig, that had been found in a coal bunker. He was very weak and ill, and the kind-hearted sailors wished the captain to see what could be done for him. Evans went out and Mac said they found a funny sight, for the ship's cook had the pig in his arms and was trying to feed him condensed milk out of a spoon.

It seemed that one of the men had gone into the coal bunker to pass coal for the furnaces. He felt something move about his feet and in the darkness heard a faint squeal that frightened him half out of his wits; and he rushed for the furnace room, thinking evil spirits were after him. His shipmates went back and found Dennis, as they said, "so thin that one could almost read a newspaper through him." He had fallen into one of the coal chutes during the loading of the vessel and had been buried in the coal for nearly five days without food or water. With good care Dennis recovered entirely and became the pet of the Yorktown and cruised with them till they came to the arctic regions.

When the fleet was two days out from Callao, Rear-Admiral Evans dispatched the little Yankton to the Galapagos Islands to search for an American sailor named Fred Jeff's, who was said to be there. He was a survivor of the wrecked Norwegian bark Alexandria. The party landed and hunted all over the islands for six

days, but the only trace they found of Jeff's was a razor, and they decided he must have made his escape.

The sailors saw many strange sights on their way to Magdalena Bay. In the vicinity of the Galapagos Islands the water was covered with turtles. These islands are the home of gigantic turtles which seem to



DENNIS THE PIG

be a survival of the Mesozoic age. Some of the watch counted more than five hundred of them floating on the water. These islands are uninhabited, but mongrel curs escaping from various vessels that have put in here for water have multiplied until now fierce wild dogs threaten to exterminate what was a very interesting survival of an ancient form of life.

Whaleboats were lowered and several of the turtles were captured. The catch was distributed among the various messes, and all rejoiced in a treat fit for the

feast of the Lord Mayor of London. Turtles lay their eggs in the sand and the heat of the sun hatches out the young ones, which soon make their way to the water. Both the eggs and the meat of the turtles are considered great delicacies and bring high prices from epicures on shore.

Soon after this the sailors saw what they thought were mackerel, jumping and skipping through the water. Fish lines were made ready and all hoped for rations of broiled mackerel; but, alas! the supposed mackerel turned out to be young seals!

These creatures were often seen after that, playing and sporting on the water. The young seals are born far up north and the islands of Bering's Sea are a favorite resort of these animals. The nurseries often contain thousands of seals and the rocky islands are covered with the young ones, bleating like lambs and making a deafening noise. The young seals are very helpless at first, but they drink plenty of milk and soon grow fat and strong. Each mother knows her own little one and will pick it out from hundreds of others.

In a few weeks the young seals learn to swim and to catch fish for food; and when the time comes for them to start for their antarctic homes, they swim off in great companies. How they find their way across the great ocean is a mystery, but their migratory instinct, like that of the birds, seems to guide them back and forth across the trackless waste of waters.

Harry was greatly interested in the different systems of signaling employed on the vessels of the fleet. He soon learned that the bright-colored little flags each



represented something; and their combinations were arranged in the book of the code, which was a key to their meaning. There is an international code, which all nations, no matter what their language is, can under-



A PASSING STEAMER

stand. Besides this, each navy has its own code book for its own special use.

The flags were for daytime, but at night there had to be something different and the fleet employed the Ardois system of red and white lights. These lights are placed high up on the foremast. There are four groups of two lights each, a red one and a white one. These electric bulbs are hung, one below the other, in

a row of eight bulbs of alternate red and white; and any or all may be turned on at will.

According to a prearranged code, these lights, by their varying colors, indicate the letters of the alphabet, or the ten figures; and so messages may be spelled out and numbers sent and the code books on each ship give the meaning.

Sometimes, in both army and navy, messages are sent by waving flags, or torches, and this is called wig-wagging. This system has but one position, in which the little flag stick is grasped firmly and held vertically in front of the body, the right hand being above the left. A motion to the right of the sender means 1. Waving the flag to the left means 2. In the third motion, the flag is lowered to the ground in front of the sender, and this indicates the end of the letter, word or sentence. Every letter begins and ends with the first position, and the code of this system is simple and easily learned.

Messages of all kinds were continually flashing from ship to ship and, as by this time the wireless system of telegraphy had become quite reliable, there was no difficulty in communicating from vessel to vessel.

Communication between the vessels was necessary, for all the departments pertaining to the administration of the affairs of the sixteen great ships and their fourteen thousand men had to make reports to the flagship and receive orders in return. The cabin of Rear-Admiral Evans was not a luxurious rest-room by any manner of means, but looked more like the busy office of some great corporation, with desks and clerks and

typewriters, getting reports ready to send to headquarters in Washington.

The sailors found even night watches pleasant as they steamed along under a tropical sky. They narrated strange happenings to one another, and related thrilling adventures of which they had been the heroes on land and sea. The ocean breezes gave them fine appetites and a favorite trick of the men was to secure some food for the night from the mess-chests whenever there was a good opportunity.

One night Mac told them of an incident which occurred on the *Indiana* when Evans was in command. An old-time blue-jacket was at the mast before Captain Evans, charged with taking food from a mess-chest outside of meal hours. This getting of food for night watches is a common and strong desire on the part of most men aboard ship.

Captain Evans asked the man what he had to say and the man, sizing up the situation, said, with a twinkle in his eye: "Captain, I didn't take no food outer that chest. Why, captain, there wasn't no food in that chest. I looked into that chest and, captain, I met a cockroach, coming out of that chest with tears in his eyes. He was ashamed to be seen coming out of such an empty chest."



## MAGDALENA BAY

A STOP was made in Magdalena Bay to give our men their usual spring practice in gunnery. This bay is in the southern part of Lower California and consequently belongs to Mexico, but opening as it does into the Pacific Ocean and being protected by Cape St. Lazaro to the north, with its entrance guarded by the island of St. Margarita, it formed a safe anchorage for the fleet. There was no shipping in the harbor and that portion of the peninsula has few inhabitants. There was no one to be hurt or frightened by the cannon's roar, so this was nearly an ideal place in which to practise gunnery.

The success of our first navy under John Paul Jones, and later, during the war of 1812, against the foremost naval power of the world, led careful observers to seek for reasons for this, and as early as 1813 the *London Times* said, "The fact seems to be but too clearly established, that the Americans have some superior mode of firing." This statement was true then and is equally true at the present time. The men behind the guns have some superior mode of firing; and it is due not only to quick eyes and steady hands, but also to constant practice in the use of their guns, both afloat and ashore.

Whenever it is practicable, the navy is devoting time to making the marksmanship as nearly perfect as possible and the great guns have become terrible weapons in the skilled hands of those who wield them.

The targets for the firing tests are made of white canvas about twelve by sixteen feet. These are mounted

in frames and placed on floating rafts, anchored sixteen hundred yards from the ships, in order to give nearly the same conditions as firing at a vessel floating on the waves. The canvas is marked off into squares and there is a big black bull's-eye in the center of the target. As the great guns are sighted and fired, the results are noted and a careful record is kept, for there is keen competition among all the vessels of the fleet for the championship.

No time was wasted, for the firing began at day-break and lasted till dark. Then searchlights were turned on the water and the torpedo defense guns began their work. It was "Boom! Boom! Bang! Bang! Bang!" from early morning till late at night; with a rush and a hustle over the beach, into the boats, and across the bay, to repair the targets and get them ready for the next test.

It is wonderful to see the ease and celerity with which the great guns in the turrets are fired. The instant the order to load is given the plug-man, turning a crank, moves the breech-block, which revolves and leaves an opening in the gun. At the same moment, the ammunition car is on its way up the hoist, from the handling-room below.

Like clockwork, when the block revolves out of the way, the car, with its heavy projectile and charge of smokeless powder, is in its place. There is an electric ramrod, with a man in charge. This instantly shoves the projectile into place; then the first loader seizes two bags of powder and the second follows with two more, which are shoved into place behind the projectile. All

this is done with lightning-like rapidity, the great rod moving as if driven by a steam engine. When the charges are in place, the car drops down the hoist to the powder-room; the plug-man closes the breech, and the great gun is ready for action.

It is fired by the man assigned to that duty. With



SIXTH DIVISION THREE-INCH GUNS CREWS

Courtesy of Bureau of Navigation

a lever he makes a contact between two electric wires which enter the gun, and thus ignites the powder. The trainer directs the fire from a commanding position above them all. Copper tubes lead into the gun, and after each discharge compressed air is turned into them and every bit of burning powder is blown out of the gun, which is then ready for another load. In old



times this cleaning of the gun was done with a wet sponge and, of course, took much longer.

It seems almost incredible that all this is done in eighteen seconds, and that at the same time the second gun has been operated in precisely the same way by its gun squad. These great cannon can be fired every eighteen seconds, so they may truthfully be called rapid-fire guns. The mechanism and drill for discharging the smaller pieces are equally perfect.

But these modern inventions bring evils as well as benefits. Sparks of burning powder sometimes drop down the hoists and falling into the powder-room are a source of danger, and if the air-blast has not thoroughly cleaned the gun, burning powder there will cause a premature explosion. But the men in the navy cheerfully accept all conditions and are ready, for the sake of duty, to face all dangers.

The records made by some of the vessels were astonishingly good. At one trial, with her six-inch battery, the *Alabama* made only thirteen misses out of one hundred and sixty-eight shots; the *Georgia*, with eight-inch and twelve-inch guns, had twenty hits out of twenty-five shots in about three minutes; two of the *Ohio's* six-inch guns hit the mark twenty-three times out of twenty-four shots; and other vessels did similar good work.

Battleships have grown bigger and bigger; and guns more and more numerous, until we can scarcely realize the enormous expense of modern warfare. Some idea of the money expended in constructing, equipping and maintaining war vessels may be gleaned from the

following statement in regard to the cost of our new battleships: "The North Dakota, when completed and ready to go into commission, will represent an initial outlay of \$10,000,000. Nearly \$1,000,000 of this will be spent for guns alone. There are ten twelve-inch guns at \$65,000 each, and fourteen five-inch rifles at \$10,000 each, in the main battery, besides twelve rapid-fire guns and minor pieces. The cost of keeping the North Dakota in commission and in first-class fighting trim will be \$1,000,000 per annum. This includes the feeding and paying of her crew of nine hundred officers and men, ordinary repairs, machinery and other ship supplies and coaling. To fire one broadside from her main battery will cost \$17,000, exclusive of the cost of maintaining the gunners. One shot from each twelve-inch gun will cost \$1,160, and from each five-inch gun \$430. One broadside from the main battery means the firing of ten thousand pounds of steel shot. This is three thousand more pounds of projectiles than Dewey's whole fleet could fire at the battle of Manila. To fire one shot from each twelve-inch gun will require two hundred and fifty pounds of powder at eighty cents per pound. Each projectile for the twelve-inch gun weighs eight hundred and fifty pounds and costs \$310, making a total cost of \$510 for each shot. To this must be added an allowance of \$650 for deterioration in the gun, as the twelve-inch firing-piece is practically unfit for further use after being fired one hundred times."

Jake thought how many poor boys that would take care of and educate, and thoughtful persons who con-

sider the increasing expense of living in times of peace as well as of war cannot help hoping that statesmen and nations, taking counsel together, may find some means to keep the world's peace without this lavish waste of lives and treasure.

But, in the meantime, we must take things as we find them and if we are to have a navy it must be a good one. The stay at Magdalena Bay afforded a chance for all sorts of drills and one bright day Rear-Admiral Evans put the sailors through their paces by giving the order, "Clear ships for action." All on board the fleet was rush and hurry, but order came quickly out of apparent disorder, and in the shortest possible time each man of the fleet was at his appointed post, ready for duty. We may all be thankful the mission of the fleet is one of peace and good will and that no blood stained the decks of our beautiful battle-ships during their cruise.

Though the drills were stern duty, funny things happened sometimes to amuse the crew. One dark night the searchlights showed a white spot, which the men took for the white turning buoy. The ships were well started on the turn, when it was discovered that it was not the buoy, but a beautiful white gull which had thus deceived them. The gull waited for no further developments, but spread its broad wings and flew swiftly away.

Four ranges were set up at a time, and there was one ship firing at each range. During leisure hours, the men on the other ships amused themselves with boxing and rowing matches; and merry parties went out fishing,



hoping to add to the delicacies of the mess bill of fare. One party went fishing and the first haul of the seine brought up a shark over seven feet long. The shark, in a mad dash for liberty, darted directly between the legs of one of the gun squad. It was our old friend Mac and he made a high jump which would certainly have won the prize upon any athletic field, and the party were all glad that they met the shark while it was in the seine and not while they were swimming in the water. The Pacific coast seems infested with sharks and in some places it is unsafe to try ocean bathing.

The health of Rear-Admiral Evans continued to be a source of anxiety to all, though he was a very energetic invalid and dictated letters and signed papers when he was too ill to lift his head from his bed. Rear-Admiral Thomas was surprised to learn that reports had been circulated about, at home, that Admiral Evans had transferred the command of the fleet to him at Callao.

He emphatically denied all such rumors and said, "There is absolutely no truth in the story that Rear-Admiral Evans has transferred his command to me. Never has it even been contemplated. There has not been a day that Rear-Admiral Evans has not had full grasp of the duties of supreme command. It has been my great pleasure to represent him socially, from time to time, but it is unjust to him and to me to print that he has transferred his command to me. Please deny it absolutely."

Drill and practice under such a leader, loyally seconded by Thomas and the other officers, had brought

everything pertaining to the fleet to a high state of efficiency. The ships were now in much better condition than when they started from Hampton Roads. The landlubbers were landlubbers no longer. They had learned their duties and performed them well. Each ship was now able to make her own repairs and the fleet could have sailed round the world, if necessary, without going into drydock.

The Mexican gunboat Tampico had sailed into the bay to see the maneuvers of our fleet and a banquet was given on board of her by Governor Sanguinez of the Southern District of Lower California to the officers of the American warships. This was greatly enjoyed, as a testimonial of the friendly feeling of our Mexican neighbors, who had also given us the use of Magdalena Bay.

The gunnery tests were now all over and the results would be made known from Washington. Coaling was next in order and, after that, the men gave their vessels a thorough cleaning; then they painted them in spotless white, so that they could appear in gala attire before the friends who were waiting to welcome them.

The sailors gave a special evening concert and show before their departure from Magdalena Bay and the favorite number on the program was the good old song, "Home Again, Home Again, from a Foreign Shore."

The sailors joined in the chorus with a will, and the following day officers and men might have been heard softly humming and whistling the old refrain. Many hearts were grateful to the overruling Providence which

had led them, through storm and tempest, safe to their native land once more.

The little torpedo flotilla also came into Magdalena Bay for gunnery practice. They had not seen the fleet since they parted from them in the Straits of Magellan. The flotilla consisted of six torpedo boats—Whipple, Truxton, Lawrence, Stewart, Hopkins, Hull—and the storeship *Arethusa*. These little boats form a very important branch of modern naval warfare. They are so frail that an accident to one of them means almost certain death to all on board; but they avoid the stormy waves of the open sea, and one great protection is their shape and the fact that they lie so low in the water that it is difficult to hit them.

At night they can steal so close to the enemy's fleet that they can discharge their torpedoes, which are filled with high explosives, against the vessels, and no battleship can withstand the force of these attacks, for the torpedo often strikes the side of the vessel at the water-line and tears the thick iron-plate covering.

At night, in time of war, the searchlights are kept sweeping the ocean to detect the approach of these dangerous visitors. The torpedo boat can advance, deliver its shot, and retire in three minutes; and that hardly gives time for the battleship to sight her guns, aim and fire. Cruisers also are sometimes fitted up with tubes for the discharge of torpedoes.

The newest torpedoes are self-propelling. They usually consist of a thin, cigar-shaped metal shell about six feet long, containing a charge of from two hundred to five hundred pounds of gun-cotton. The gun-cotton



has to be kept in casks of water on the boat to prevent its exploding prematurely. A great deal of delicate mechanism is required for the propelling and steering of the torpedo. The torpedo, when discharged, drops into the water just below the level of the sea. At the stern there is a miniature screw. The torpedo itself is really quite like a little submarine boat; and, with the power, compressed air, stored up in it, soon develops a speed of from twenty to thirty miles an hour. It usually has power enough to carry it a mile or more. At the front is the detonator, like a percussion cap, which, striking against the side of the vessel, or other hard object, causes a terrific explosion, that rends the heavy metal plates as though they were paper.

To guard against this danger iron-clads have torpedo nets of metal chain work, which swing on booms, projecting twenty or thirty feet from the ship. These may be raised or lowered at will and form a protection for the vessel.

The secondary batteries, the rapid-fire guns, the small guns of the ship, are used to sink the torpedo boat, and one shot, well aimed, will annihilate it; but, before that happens, the little torpedo boat has power to inflict terrible damage upon the ships of an enemy. There have been very many improvements since the original invention and now there is a torpedo that can be steered by electricity from the shore.

The torpedo destroyer is larger than the torpedo boat and it has to be much swifter. It, also, is fitted up with tubes and torpedoes and, in addition, carries a battery of rapid-fire guns. The torpedo destroyers

have very powerful engines and develop great speed, so that when the chase once begins there is little chance for the escape of the torpedo boat.

The invention of the torpedo boat was followed by that of the torpedo-boat destroyers, and so the game of war goes on. Each new form of attack requires some new means to repel it, until there seems no limit to the requirements; but let us hope that a good time is coming when wars shall cease and men will be content to dwell in peace as brothers.

The little torpedo flotilla had many narrow escapes coming up the coast of South America and they were glad to find themselves safe in the sheltered waters of Magdalena Bay. A few of the pleasant April days were spent in making needed repairs and a general cleaning, then they left Magdalena Bay ready to rejoin the fleet for the grand triumphal entry into San Francisco.

### EARLY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA

HARRY and Jake were anxious to learn something of California, as that section of our country was almost an unknown land to them; and they employed some of their leisure time, before arriving at San Diego, in reading up about it.

When we speak of early days in California, the thoughts of many go back to the miners, the forty-niners, and no farther; but before Mary Chilton stepped upon Plymouth Rock, the importance of California was known to the Spaniards and settlements had been planned within its borders. The towns which the

fleet was to visit—San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, and even San Francisco—were originally missions established by the Spaniards.

What is now the State of California was discovered by Cabrillo, a Spanish navigator, in 1542. Later, in 1578, the northern portion was visited by Sir Francis Drake on his famous voyage around the world. He landed near the site of San Francisco, and named the land New Albion, and then held what was probably the first English religious service on the Pacific Coast. A beautiful cross has been erected to commemorate this event. After the expulsion of the Jesuits, by order of King Charles of Spain, a charge was laid upon the Franciscans of Mexico to provide priests to take care of the missions already established in Lower California; and Fray Junipero Serra and fifteen others were hurriedly sent to the coast with the stirring order, "Occupy and fortify San Diego and Monterey, for God and the King of Spain."

Serra, one of the saintliest of men, devoted his life to the work. The little missions of the peninsula contributed from their scanty stock cattle, tools, provisions, clothing, church bells, and vestments; and gathering up whatever could be spared and, taking a few of the more adventurous colonists with them, the little party made their way, part by land and part by sea, to San Diego.

From San Diego, other missions were founded up the coast and presidios were established for the military guardianship of the missions. There were four presidios, which were at San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco. Attached to these were



twenty-seven missions and several pueblos or village settlements.

The presidio consisted of an enclosure about two hundred yards square, built of adobe or sun-dried bricks, within which were a chapel, storehouses, and a house for the commandant. The officers and troops were established at the entrance of the presidio and it is interesting to know that the military establishments of San Francisco and Monterey still keep the old name, and are called the Presidio of San Francisco and the Presidio of Monterey.

A mile or so from the presidio and near the anchorage was built a little fort with a few pieces of small artillery. This was for the defense of the port and shipping.

Of the mission towns, San Diego was first, being built in 1769, and San Francisco was last, being founded in 1822. The general plan of the missions was the same. Each contained a church, habitations for the priests, granaries and storehouses for supplies, and the necessary buildings for the soap-makers, weavers and blacksmiths. There were also barns and pens for the cattle, sheep and horses; and separate quarters for the Indian boys and girls who were receiving instruction, which, aside from the religious teachings, was largely an industrial training. The Indian families lived near the mission in settlements called rancherias.

Looking upon what was left undone, perhaps we sometimes fail to give Spain due credit for what she did for civilization and religion in America. If among the Spaniards there were unscrupulous adventurers,

whose cruelties shock us even after the lapse of centuries, there were also earnest enthusiasts, whose beautiful lives still serve as an example of unselfish devotion.

For the fruitful groves of oranges and lemons, the vines which now yield such luscious fruit, and the golden grain which covers the plains, we are indebted to the early Spanish settlers. Nearly all of these were flourishing in the land before the death of Serra in 1786, and the cattle and sheep upon a thousand hills are a legacy from the mission colonists also.

The missions did much for the Indians in raising them from native savagery and in teaching them the elements of Christianity. At the rancherias they learned to till the soil and were taught many of the simple household arts, such as spinning and weaving. No great amount of book-learning was required for such surroundings, but many of the Indians learned to read and write and all received useful manual training as well as religious instruction.

The padres quickly learned that the influence of the rough soldiers of the camp was often bad, and they soon removed themselves and their charges from the undesirable proximity of the presidios, and established their missions at some little distance from the water, or in the foothills.

These missions were usually built of adobe. Two ancient palm trees mark the site of the old San Diego mission and nothing but the front of the old mission church remains; but the efforts of Serra and his devoted companions have left their impress, so that each of the old mission towns has its own characteristics, differing

from the purely secular settlements, which are of a later date.

Monterey was especially prominent in the history of Old California and has been the scene of exciting events. Its bay early attracted the attention of navigators, and Don Sebastian Viscaino landed there December 10, 1602, and named it in honor of Monterey, then viceroy of Mexico.

The shores of the bay remained unsettled until 1770, when Padre Junipero Serra came with his expedition to hold Monterey according to order, "for God and the King." A cross now marks the spot where he landed, and his remains rest there in the old San Carlos Mission, where he died.

California was separated from Spain by the independence of Mexico, and at the time of the Mexican war passed into the possession of the United States. In 1846 the first American flag in California was raised on the old Spanish custom-house which still stands on the shore at Monterey.

What are said to be the first adobe house, the first brick building, and the first frame building erected in California are shown in Monterey. The State Constitution was ratified in its old State House in 1849, for Monterey was the first capital of California; and the first theater in California, where Jenny Lind once sang, is among the sights of the town. There are similar interesting sights in all of the old towns of the state, as well as great evidences of modern progress.

When the little San Antonio sailed into San Diego Bay in 1769, perhaps the Indians thought of tales told



by their ancestors of the white-faced stranger Cabrillo, who had gone and never returned. Serra hung the bells on the palm trees and as the dusky children of the forest listened to the sweet tones they little knew that the bells were ringing the death knell of Indian supremacy in that part of the world. "So the old order changeth, giving place to new."

Again came a change with the discovery of gold in the Sacramento valley in 1848. People flocked by thousands to gather in their share of the precious treasure and the population became at once overwhelmingly American.

Since then there has been a steady development, until now California is one of the great states of the Union. It is noted not only for its mineral wealth but also for its great agricultural wealth, for its interest in the cause of education, and for its progressive spirit in all matters of public importance.

Harry and Jake had heard much of the big trees and other great natural wonders of California, and like the rest on board the battleships were looking forward with bright anticipations to their visit to the Golden State.

## VISITS UP THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA

As the fleet steamed slowly up the coast of Lower California, their first home greeting came from an American ocean-bound steamer, which passed them with banners flying. The passengers on board shouted greetings and with waving flags and heartfelt good wishes the big ship passed on her way.

When the monument marking the boundary between the United States and Mexico came into view, one of the veterans pointed it out to a group of young seamen and said, "Lads, there's where the States begins. There's the edge of God's own country. Oh, but it's good to get home!" All had the same feeling—that it was "good to get home."

San Diego was waiting to welcome them, when the fleet approached on April 14, 1908, entering Coronado Bay. It was a little past noon and the sun poured his golden beams upon the blue waters of the bay and upon the greatest fleet ever seen in California waters. Banners waved, afloat and ashore, and every point of view was crowded with people, as the battleships sailed home upon a summer sea.

The leading avenues of the town, running north and south, were decorated with banners and streamers of yellow and white, typifying the gold and silver of California; while the vistas, east and west, showed festoons and draperies of red, white and blue.

The governor of the state was there to greet them. He paid the customary visit of ceremony to the flagship and was received with the due salute from the guns and the ruffle of drums, while in token of respect



HOME AGAIN

to his high office, the men manned the sides of the ship. But there was one man missing whom all would have delighted to honor. Rear-Admiral Evans had been compelled to go to the hospital at Paso Robles for treatment. Rear-Admiral Thomas brought the fleet into harbor, standing in Evans's place on the bridge of the Connecticut, and it was he who received the governor. He had proved himself a kind friend and loyal officer and stood ready to assist Admiral Evans by every means in his power.

Governor Gillett showed traces of recent illness, but he spoke most eloquently to the admiral and officers assembled. Admiral Thomas replied briefly and



heartily. Then Captain Osterhaus summoned the entire crew of the Connecticut aft and the governor made a speech of welcome to them, telling them that the day of their visit was a proud one for California, and complimenting the navy upon its great achievements. At the close of the speech the sailors gave three rousing cheers for the governor.

After the official visit was over, little launches could be seen skimming across the bay, carrying ashore the officers who had leave to the wives and daughters who had crossed the continent to greet them. The piazzas of the Coronado Hotel were crowded with brass buttons and shoulder straps till the house seemed like naval headquarters; while on board the ships the sailors were looking forward to a great day on the morrow.

Evening came, bringing with it a scene from fairyland. Electricity blazed through the streets of the town. Each ship was outlined in incandescent lights; thousands of the electric bulbs were strung along the deck lines, up to the very top of the masts, far out on the signal yard arms, up the huge smokestacks, and down to the water's edge at bow and stern. In letters of light, each six feet high, the name of each ship was emblazoned across its forward bridge. The ships seemed to float upon a shimmering sea of golden light; and with all the searchlights turned on, and sending brilliant rays heavenward, the fleet was a spectacle of beauty never to be forgotten.

There was a banquet and reception for the admirals and leading officers and the next day came the parade of the bluejackets. There were over five thousand offi-

cers and men in the parade, the largest force of marines and bluejackets ever seen in any parade in the United States. The line of march was a mile and a half from the water's edge to the City Park—and how the people cheered them on their way!

The official welcome was given by Governor Gillett



BLUE JACKETS ON PARADE AT SAN DIEGO

and Mayor Forward. Admiral Thomas replied to them and received the casket and golden key on behalf of Admiral Evans. A gay time followed and in the evening there was another grand illumination and a ball for the officers.

The official program was now over and the next day

shore leave began for the men. It was Jack's day ashore for his own fun, and he had plenty of it. Wherever the bluejackets appeared they were made welcome. People stopped them and asked them all sorts of questions about their trip. The sailors descended like locusts upon the postal card counters and curio shops and the fruit stands were cleaned out in short order.

An automobile picnic and a vaudeville show filled the afternoon. The men enjoyed roaming round at their own sweet will and when night came they left with happy memories of the warm welcome they had received at San Diego.

The next visit was at Los Angeles, which is situated back from the water. In order that as many people as possible might have an opportunity to see the battleships, the vessels of the fleet, for the first time since leaving Hampton Roads, were separated. A division was sent to each of the ports of Los Angeles, and the ships were anchored at San Pedro, Long Beach, Santa Monica, and Redondo.

It was Sunday and the Easter services in the beautiful churches were largely attended by the sailors. The church squads were first-class liberty men, and received the reward of their good conduct on shipboard in being given shore leave till Monday morning.

Father Gleason of the Connecticut and the other chaplains of the fleet had done their best for the spiritual welfare of the men, but the sailors enjoyed church on shore. The welcome given them was warm, but the men took their pleasure in a gentlemanly fashion and, though the usual ship patrol was landed, there was no





JACK'S DAY ASHORE

occasion for its services. Admiral Thomas had received a letter from the Mayor of San Diego complimenting the men upon their excellent conduct and the sailors desired to keep this same good record through the entire visit up the coast.

The formal welcome to the fleet was given on Monday and throughout the next five days banquets, balls, barbecues and picnics were the order of the day. The beaches were thronged with people waiting to visit the ships and to see with their own eyes just how blue-jackets live.

The parade of the sailors was a great event, and the officers, who rode in automobiles, were cheered to

the echo and flowers were scattered before them on their triumphal way. Fully three thousand sailors went ashore each day and they had the usual balloon ascensions and athletic contests, fencing, boxing, etc. "Wild West" shows were in full blast and afforded the men much amusement. Arthur Rollins of the Kentucky beat Bert Compton of the Louisiana for the welter-weight championship of the fleet. Then there was a contest for the heavyweight championship between Schlossberg of the New Jersey and Alteiri of the Missouri. It was watched by a throng of shipmates and the men were so nearly equal in skill and strength that it was almost a draw; but finally Schlossberg won by a slight margin and the sailors of the New Jersey felt very proud of their muscular champion. After that the boys had a Spanish barbecue luncheon. Later there were band concerts and fireworks in the park and the seamen danced in pavilions with all the pretty girls in the town.

On shipboard, the sailors were hosts and showed the ships to their many visitors. The gala week slipped by in a round of entertainments and every night the grand electrical display delighted the hundreds of thousands who were watching from the shore.

Good news was received from Paso Robles, where Admiral Evans was beginning to feel the benefit of the medical treatment, and it was announced that there was hope of his being able soon to rejoin the fleet.

In each of the four ports where the ships were anchored a round of pleasure was provided for the men, lasting till Friday night, when they were required to

return to their ships at midnight. After a short night's rest, on Saturday morning the ships of the first and second divisions from San Pedro and Long Beach proceeded to Redondo, where they were joined by the third division, and the reunited fleet steamed to Santa Monica Bay in single column, keeping near the shore, to give the people a good opportunity to see the fleet. Then they paraded back and forth, with many evolutions, in full view of Venice, Ocean Park and Santa Monica; after which they took their departure for Santa Barbara, which town they reached about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Santa Barbara welcomed the fleet with a floral festival and nothing more beautiful and artistic could have been designed. The fete was given on a palm-lined avenue, fronting the ocean. On the land side the grandstands extended for over a mile and they were decorated with greens and flowers; on the opposite side the people stood to view the spectacle. At the far end there was a pavilion for Rear-Admiral Thomas and his officers, who were to review the parade.

Shortly before three o'clock, Admiral Thomas was driven down the line in a coach covered with white carnations and roses, an admiral's flag hung from the back. Four white horses, in yellow floral harness, drew this fairy coach—compared with which Cinderella's was nothing—and six outriders heralded its approach. Rear-Admirals Sperry and Emory followed, drawn in fragrant bowers of violets and sweet peas. These officers were greeted with hearty cheers as they came down the line and took their places for the parade.





OLD MISSION AT SANTA BARBARA

First came girls scattering flowers. They were in Spanish dress, for Santa Barbara was one of the old Spanish mission towns long before the time of the Americans. About one thousand sailors followed, dressed in white and carrying flowers, instead of bayonets, in their rifles. Each ship sent a detachment of picked men to the parade and they held their heads high in their consciousness of the honor done them.

Rear-Admiral Thomas stood in the reviewing stand, under a canopy of red, and saluted each detachment. The sailors marched and countermarched, then stood in line the entire length of the ocean side of the boulevard. Horsemen, whose lances bore American flags, placed

themselves in position, every hundred feet down the line; then the setting was ready for the real show.

The grand parade was led by a company of marching girls in blue, followed by the flower bearers. Then came Grand Army men, schoolboy zouaves, horsemen in colonial dress, and horses with blankets and trappings of roses and other beautiful flowers.

Next came a company of girls in Spanish costume with flowers for the officers to use in the floral battle, and Miss Josefa de Laguerre, a descendant of the last Spanish grandee who ruled California, advanced and presented Admiral Thomas with a basket of flowers. The Woman's Relief Corps followed with floral parasols of red, white and blue. They were seated near the admiral and their parasols formed a floral flag. Then came a shower bouquet of marching children, tied with ribbons and covered with flowers. Knights and ladies followed.

The next division contained carriages and automobiles, covered with flowers to match the dresses of the ladies who rode in them, and there were beautiful floral floats, first of which was a model of the Connecticut with men in the conning tower; but they were conning friends, not foes, this time. A great cornucopia of flowers followed, and a war-canoe.

One of the most effective floats was a representation of the famous Santa Barbara Mission, done in flowers. A detachment of young men marched on each side of it, robed in the old Franciscan dress, singing a Gregorian chant. The whole history of the town was told in flowers and so the procession moved on, a

mass of beautiful blossoms. Nowhere but in California would such a festival have been possible.

The marching line made a complete turn of the boulevard, then came back for the battle of flowers. Everybody had brought a basket of little bouquets and when the signal to fire was given, one could scarcely see the sky. The air was full of flowers. Every one was hit by the flying missiles and everybody hit somebody else; and the air was full of rippling laughter.

When this novel entertainment was ended, the sailors marched down a highway strewn with flowers. One could not see the ground. Then they roamed about the streets, enjoying the sights and the freedom of life on shore; and the following days of the visit were filled with a round of banquets, balls, and other entertainments. The railroads and street cars carried the sailors free of charge and they rode up and down the coast enjoying themselves hugely.

The five days' stay at Santa Barbara was marred by one untoward incident. In a little restaurant the attempt was made to charge two of the men six dollars for a steak. The sailors had appreciated the kind welcome of the townspeople, but they resented the attempt to take advantage of them by extortion. They paid the bill under protest and told their friends how they had been treated in the place.

Soon an angry crowd gathered and stones and other missiles flew fast, until broken windows and a general wrecking of the establishment showed the bluejackets' idea of maintaining their rights. The proprietor and his assistants fled from the scene and the general ver-



dict of the populace was that it served them right for such an imposition on the sailors.

A dance of flowers concluded the festivities at Santa Barbara; then all returned to the ships ready for the next round of pleasure. Rear-Admiral Thomas was glad to receive a telegram from Admiral Evans from Paso Robles Hot Springs saying that he was greatly improved by the rest and treatment and that he would return to the fleet and hoist his flag on the Connecticut when the ships reached Monterey.

Rear-Admiral Thomas had done all in his power to make the coast visits a success; and he had shown his ability in his fine management of the fleet; but he was very glad to hear that Fighting Bob was able again to take his place in command of the ships.

The first serious accident of the cruise occurred on the Missouri during the run from Santa Monica to Santa Barbara. The high-pressure cylinder of the port engine blew out and the engine-room was quickly filled with escaping steam, but there are heroes in the hold as well as on the upper deck and after Herculean efforts on the part of the men steam was cut off and all danger soon passed. The Missouri had the use of only the starboard engine the rest of the way and, consequently, she was somewhat out of line in the beautiful evolutions at the entrance of the fleet. Another cylinder head was ordered from Newport to make the stanch old Missouri as good as new.

The time now came to say good-by to Santa Barbara and in the early dawn engines throbbed, wheels turned and, drifting away like the phantoms of a dream,

the sixteen great ships disappeared in the summer haze off Point Duma, carrying with them the good wishes of a hundred thousand friends on the shore, who had gathered there in the early morning to say farewell to the great Atlantic Fleet.

The first of May is a day famous in the annals of the navy and the people of old, historic Monterey might have called theirs a double celebration, as they thought of what Dewey and his boys did at Manila and looked forward to all that might lie before these bluejackets, just arriving. Before their terms of service are over who knows what glorious chapters they may help to write upon the pages of our country's history! Perhaps these thoughts were half-consciously in the hearts of the people when they sent their loveliest maidens in launches to strew the waters of the bay with flowers.

Emerging from the sea fog of the early morning, the line of battleships was seen by the waiting people, rounding Point Pinos, an hour ahead of time. A steam whistle from the shore was their first welcome.

The Connecticut, Kansas, Vermont, and Louisiana came on, close together. The speed cone dropped half-way from the signal yards of the flagship, thus ordering half speed. The remaining vessels of the fleet detached themselves from the line; the speed cone dropped still lower and, with marvelous precision and grace, the fleet executed the division formation and cast anchor with the flagships abreast.

The first of eight long excursion trains was just drawing into the station at Monterey and when those on board caught sight of the masts of the battleships

there was a frantic rush of sightseers to the shore. The gallant tars crowded to the sides of the vessels, laughing and exchanging greetings with the people; but discipline had to be preserved and no visitors were admitted to the ships until breakfast was over, and quarters inspection and the general orders for the day had been attended to. One drill was a novelty and delighted the people. A flag fluttered from the admiral's ship and fifteen signal flags answered it. Then, before the landmen could enquire what it all meant, the little whistles, the big whistles, the fog horns and sirens, every whistle in the fleet, broke out in one simultaneous roar. This deafening outburst was called "letting loose the dogs of war," and its object was to prove that all signal whistles were in good working order.

During the morning the fleet was welcomed by the mayor and the usual visits of ceremony were exchanged between the various officials of Monterey and the officers of the fleet. Parties of liberty men, seventy-five from each ship, were landed, and rambled round, enjoying the warm welcome and the sights of the town.

A large detachment of United States troops is stationed at Monterey and their barracks still bear the old Spanish name of the Presidio. The fleet cast anchor just in front of their beautiful grounds. One novel feature of the afternoon was a baseball game between Army and Navy. The navy won with a score of six to one; and, the game over, soldiers and sailors might have been seen sitting in jolly groups together, fraternizing in the most friendly spirit possible.

Crowds of delighted visitors came by boat and train



from coast and interior, and many an ancient farm wagon drawn by an old nag appeared, carrying the whole family and a big basket of provisions, for all were anxious to see the great Atlantic Fleet. There were banquets and balls in the evening and all Monterey turned out to see the illumination of the vessels and their delight knew no bounds when the giant dogs of war changed to a fairy fleet of light, floating on the shimmering radiance of the summer sea.

That was the last opportunity to see them, for the next day the Atlantic Fleet divided, in order that there might be a simultaneous celebration at Santa Cruz and Monterey. So, soon after daybreak, the first squadron—consisting of the Connecticut, the Kansas, the Virginia, the Louisiana, the Georgia, the New Jersey and the Rhode Island—weighed anchor and sailed to Santa Cruz, which is twenty miles across the bay.

The men of the Missouri had been busy with repairs. It had at first been feared that the ship would not be able to proceed to San Francisco, but her broken engine was put in fair working order, so that she was able to make eleven knots an hour, and she took her part in the maneuvers off Port Harford in perfect alignment. So it seemed, after all, that the “sweet sixteen” would be able to make their best bow together when they entered the Golden Gate.

Wretched weather rather spoiled the next day and the storm was so severe as to prevent small boats from visiting the battleships, but, though it was the windiest day the bay had known for months, the waves could not disturb the big ships floating quietly on the waters.

The first squadron of the fleet arrived at Santa Cruz after a two hours' trip and anchored in the open roadstead. The heavy swells made landing difficult. Mayor Palmer and a committee of citizens extended an official welcome to Admiral Thomas on board the Connecticut



CUSTOM-HOUSE IN MONTEREY—THE OLDEST IN CALIFORNIA

and nearly twenty-five hundred children of the public schools lined the streets in the afternoon as the admiral and his officers drove by. Fireworks on the beach and a grand illumination of the battleships made a brilliant close to the day.

The first and second squadrons of the fleet divided the honors of the day; Admiral Sperry on the Illinois and Admiral Thomas on the Connecticut seeming to

receive equal attention. Monterey and Pacific Grove continued to furnish enjoyable entertainments to the sailors. The program included boat races and boxing bouts, a "Wild West" show in the park, rides and drives, and dinners and dances in the evening; and the Native Sons and Daughters kept open house in the historic old custom-house.

At Santa Cruz there was a similar program, while daily excursions to the nearby grove of giant redwoods were a source of wondering interest to those who had never before seen these mighty monarchs of the forest.

A Spanish barbecue was given for the visitors. Deep pits had been dug in the ground and five cords of hard oak wood were used to build the fires, which were lighted at two o'clock in the morning. At noon, the hot coals were pronounced to be just right, the thick steaks were put on to broil and were sprinkled with fragrant bay leaves, as they were cooking. The hospitable people of Santa Cruz provided four beeves, sixteen sheep, and six hundred loaves of bread as the basis of the entertainment; and the feast, served under the shade of the gigantic sequoias, was one long to be remembered by the guests. The marine band, loaned for the occasion by Admiral Thomas, added to the pleasure of the outing.

Sunday was observed in the towns of the bay as Patriots' Day and large numbers of bluejackets were to be seen in all the churches. It had been planned to give the children a chance to visit the battleships, but a rising wind interfered. Those who stood patiently waiting on the dock suffered one of the great disappoint-



ments of childhood; but the waves were so high that it would not have been safe to take the little ones out in crowded small boats.

In obedience to signal orders, at half-past two o'clock on Monday afternoon the warships at Monterey pulled their mud-hooks from the bottom and started across the bay to rejoin their companions at Santa Cruz. Rear-Admiral Sperry on the battleship *Illinois* led the way gallantly out of the harbor; and following in single file were the *Kentucky*, the *Kearsarge*, the *Maine*, the *Ohio*, the *Missouri*, and the *Minnesota*. The shores were lined with throngs of spectators, and, with waving handkerchiefs and fluttering flags, the people of Monterey shouted their farewells to the fleet.

Good news had come from Evans. Fighting Bob had had another fight—this time against sickness and suffering—but he had won and had sent word that he was coming from Paso Robles to Monterey to take his place on the flagship; so in the early morning, the *Connecticut* slipped across the bay to Monterey to be ready for the admiral.

The old naval hero, though broken in health, was as brave and courageous as when he stormed Fort Fisher. Many men might have shrunk from the trip before him, but his one thought was to do his duty. When he was placed in the chair at Paso Robles to be lifted into the car, the pain was intense, but he did not give up; he only set his jaws tighter and said, "I'll take my fleet into San Francisco, if I am a corpse when I get there."

At half-past ten o'clock in the morning the special train rolled into the station at Monterey. Admiral

Evans was accompanied by his son, Lieutenant Evans, Lieutenant Train and Doctor McDonnold. Mayor Jacks was there to speak a word of welcome to the honored guest, and W. E. Parker, Secretary of the Fleet Entertainment Committee, on behalf of the citizens wished the hero health and prosperity.

Evans descended the car steps with the aid of his crutch and was placed in a rolling-chair and taken to the end of the wharf, where the launch from the Connecticut was waiting. When they saw him coming the crew gave him a hearty greeting.

The crowd with wagonloads of flowers had gathered at the other wharf, expecting to see him where the dispatch boat Yankton lay. They were unable to get to the Connecticut's launch in time, but watched the embarkation with great interest and sent shouts of greeting across the intervening water.

As the launch reached the flagship, Evans was helped out. Making an almost superhuman effort, the old hero started to go up the side without his crutch. His friends, however, interfered and he was assisted up. His appearance on deck was the signal for tumultuous cheers from his men, which could be heard a mile away. At the same moment the admiral's flag broke forth from the masthead.

Shortly after noon, the Connecticut weighed anchor. It had been arranged that the rest of the fleet would join it outside of Santa Cruz and then would proceed, under the leadership of Evans, to San Francisco.

No one can tell what this effort to be in his place and perform his duty cost the admiral. Devotion to

duty has ever been his highest ideal; no obstacle has been allowed to stand in its way. It is this feeling which has so endeared him to the American people.

Rear-Admiral Thomas now hoisted his flag on the Minnesota and took his old command of the second squadron. The fleet now had its original four rear-admirals in charge of the four divisions. They were Evans, Emory, Thomas and Sperry. The last of the liberty men had returned to the ships and at three o'clock in the afternoon, saying good-by to Santa Cruz, the ships formed in single column and sailed for San Francisco.

Every preparation was being made to receive them. The Pacific Squadron, under Rear-Admirals Dayton and Sebree, was on its way from the North to take part in the welcome to the Atlantic Fleet; and wireless messages were flashing from Rear-Admiral Dayton's flagship, the West Virginia, telling that all was well.

The little torpedo flotilla had done fine work and, hugging the coast of South America and Mexico, had arrived in safety at San Diego and was now to rejoin the fleet from which it had been separated so long. Though not so much in public view as the big battle-ships, it had faced greater dangers from storm and wave, during the long voyage from Hampton Roads.

San Francisco had made great preparations to welcome and entertain the fleet and thousands and thousands from neighboring towns and states were preparing to come to the great celebration. The call of the fleet was heard from afar and was answered in many ways.



A pathetic though amusing incident occurred in connection with the arrival of the fleet. A little chap, wearing a sailor hat six sizes too large for him and with traces of jam from his mother's pantry still lingering round the corners of his mouth, arrived in town to welcome the warship. He was little five-year-old Willie Sweitzer and was fished from beneath a seat in an early train from Monterey, on its arrival at the station, by a detective employed by the railway company. The little boy said he lived in Monterey and that his father was a printer. Heartbroken at seeing the beautiful ships sail away, and missing a big sailor who had made a pet of him, the little fellow had determined to follow his new friends, and be in San Francisco to meet them.

"I des comed to see the fleet," he said. "I des comed on the car, and I'se going to be a real live sailor."

The hat he wore was that of a bluejacket from the Missouri and it fell round his shoulders like a little cape. The kind detective took the small chap to a restaurant, where he tucked away a couple of eggs and some toast with keen relish after his night's ride. Little Willie was cared for in the Detention Home, till his father could come for him. So he had his chance to see the fleet again, after all.

The sailors had made every effort to do justice to the lavish hospitality of their kind entertainers, but by this time there had been so many feasts and banquets that many of the men were nearly used up; and this view of matters was well expressed in the following humorous verses, which appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle*:—

## THE CRUISE OF THE BANQUETEERS

I WAS lengthy and thin, when we first started in,  
And my uniform fitted me loose;  
Now my rig is a sight, and my waist is a fright,  
And my liver has gone to the deuce.  
Yes, you've got to be strong, or your stomach goes wrong  
With a banquet in every old port;  
If you can't show some speed when you line up to feed,  
Why, your nautical life is cut short.

Well, I always was there, and I've stood for my share  
At the banquets from ocean to ocean,  
Though at one barbecue they put out forty-two,  
So I think I'm in line for promotion.

When I first ate my fill in a town in Brazil,  
Well, I loosened three holes in my belt;  
It was dinner and tea and then curtains for me,  
When the pangs of the colic I felt.  
But a stern boatswain's mate, who was blind to my state,  
Yelled, "Get up there, and eat like a man."  
At the twentieth plate I dropped down like a weight,  
And they worked on my corpse with a fan.

Then I took a short trip on the hospital ship,  
And I tasted the joys of starvation;  
But I rose from my bed for more banquets ahead,  
And I ate for the pride of the Nation.  
The Lieutenant, he quit, and the Captain's unfit,  
And the starboard watch "jackies" are out;  
The marine corps has dropped and the fire crew has stopped,  
And the ensign is lame with the gout,  
But I'm doing my best to make up for the rest—  
Till the flag is hauled down I will eat;  
I'm the last of the crew, and my finish is due;  
But I'm game for the pride of the fleet.

I'm a modest jack tar, as the most of us are,  
 But I hope that the papers will mention  
 That I stuck to the last, though the banquets came fast—  
 And perhaps they will give me a pension.

—W. O. MCGEEHAN.

The two squadrons from Santa Cruz and the flotillas of torpedo boats and destroyers moved according to the program, and led by the Connecticut made the cruise up the coast to the San Francisco lightship, where they cast anchor and took a much-needed night's rest to be in readiness for the great day at San Francisco.

### THE GOLDEN GATE

Come in, O ships! The purple crown  
 Of Tamalpais is looking down,  
 And from the Contra Costa shore  
 Diablo leans across once more  
 To listen for the signal gun,  
 Proclaiming that a port is won.

\* \* \* \* \*

Come in, O ships! The voyage is done.  
 Magellan's stormy cape is won;  
 And all the zones have seen thee trail  
 Thy glorious banners down the gale.  
 No stranger here to greet thee springs;  
 It is thine own sweet land that sings  
 Come in—come home; the Gate swings wide,  
 Drift in upon the happy tide;  
 For lo, upon the yellow sands,  
 I wait with garlands in my hands.

THE foregoing lines well describe the spirit of hospitality with which the people of San Francisco waited

\* From "California to the Fleet," by Daniel S. Richardson. Published in the *Sunset Magazine*, May 1908.



the arrival of the battleships. The busy days of preparation were over and, on the morning of the sixth of May, the city waited to welcome the Atlantic Fleet, which had come over fourteen thousand miles to greet them. The excitement reached its height when the Con-



FORT AT THE GOLDEN GATE

necticut, with Rear-Admiral Evans's flag at the mast-head was seen entering the Golden Gate; behind it followed the rest of the fleet, now numbering eighteen battleships, the torpedo flotilla, and half a dozen auxiliary cruisers. No such massing of ships had ever before been seen in American waters.

San Francisco seemed wild with excitement and hundreds of thousands lined the sides of the bay and were assembled on the hillsides, up and down the coast. The fleet, according to plan, had anchored over-night at the lighthouse, ten miles out, and, when morning came, a dense fog shut everything from view; but, just as the ships were ready to start, the fog lifted, as by magic, the sun shone out as though to say, "Welcome to all," and the Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay lay in all their beauty before them. How the people did shout as the great ships, all trimmed with flags, sailed in at ten knots an hour! The perfection of drill kept each ship in place.

General Funston broke all precedent by firing a national salute to the fleet and its heroic leader; and he used his blackest powder and his biggest guns to do it; and from Fort Winfield Scott on the south and from Fort Baker on the north of the bay came salutes of welcome. The Connecticut responded before Fort Baker had finished firing. Then came into view Rear-Admiral Dayton's Pacific Squadron, consisting of eight of the largest armored cruisers. "Bang" went the salute, and "Bang!" rang back the volley from the ships in answer.

The people by this time were fairly wild. The bay was crowded with pleasure boats; the hills were black with people; they covered the housetops, and the unfinished buildings fairly tottered with their load of humanity. San Francisco had not experienced such a commotion since the earthquake.

Coming down the bay, the Connecticut was nearly

opposite the ferry, when she approached the Yorktown, which had the flag of Secretary Metcalf of the Navy flying from the mast. Now it was the Connecticut's turn to salute. Admiral Evans was glad to see his old ship again. Seventeen guns were fired by each ship as she passed the Yorktown, four ruffles were sounded on the drums, the bands played, and the marines presented arms. Then up the channel came Rear-Admiral Dayton's Pacific Squadron, flanked by his torpedo boats, and joined the main squadron.

There were now forty-two warships in line — eighteen battleships, eight armored cruisers, and many torpedo boats and auxiliaries. The line stretched out over five miles, from the Connecticut, which led the fleet, to the smaller auxiliaries, which brought up the rear. The fleet went on, past the city, and made a great circle in the beautiful bay.

The Connecticut swung back into place just as the last boats of the naval parade were coming in. The first squadron was now in line, the second having swung to one side to enable it to come up on the starboard side of the first. The Connecticut stopped her engines and hauled down her anchoring signal, eight anchors plunged into the bay and instantly the eight ships sent up long rows of beautiful flags and pennants. It seemed like magic. The other squadrons anchored in turn, and the Atlantic Fleet had officially ended its long cruise of fourteen thousand four hundred miles from Hampton Roads to San Francisco. The remaining ceremonies were simple. Mayor Taylor and a reception committee called to welcome Rear-Admiral Evans.



Rear-Admiral Thomas called on the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Metcalf, and later the secretary visited the other admirals.

It was a proud day for all the fleet, but the proudest man of all, probably, was Admiral Evans, who had rounded out his long years of service to his country by the successful completion of this great achievement.

It was probably his last day of command on an American warship and sad thoughts as well as glad thoughts must have filled his heart. It was *his day* and he had risen from a sick bed to take command. He directed personally all the movements of the fleet. For nearly an hour he sat in a chair (being unable to stand) on the after bridge of the Connecticut; then the cold wind drove him into the emergency cabin; but he could see every movement of the fleet, which he directed, and his face showed how he loved the beautiful ships which had been his home for so many years. He was fairly radiant to think that he had got back to his flagship; and the ovation he received was a glorious culmination to a glorious career.

When night came, San Francisco blazed with lights in honor of the visitors; the illuminations of the battleships were a source of delight to all beholders. The great ships again floated like a fairy fleet upon a golden sea, amidst the brilliant gleam of lights from the towns on the encircling shore. The beautiful sight had all the charm of a scene from fairyland.

The following day—May the seventh—was set for the grand parade. Harry and Jake, not being marines, had shore leave and were able to view the procession to

the best advantage. Jake took up his position on the curbstone with a lamp-post near to support him, while Harry, being taller, stood behind. The city was one mass of flags and red, white and blue bunting, and one could scarcely realize how recently the terrible earthquake shocks had brought death and destruction to this beautiful town; all misfortune was forgotten in the joy of welcoming the fleet.

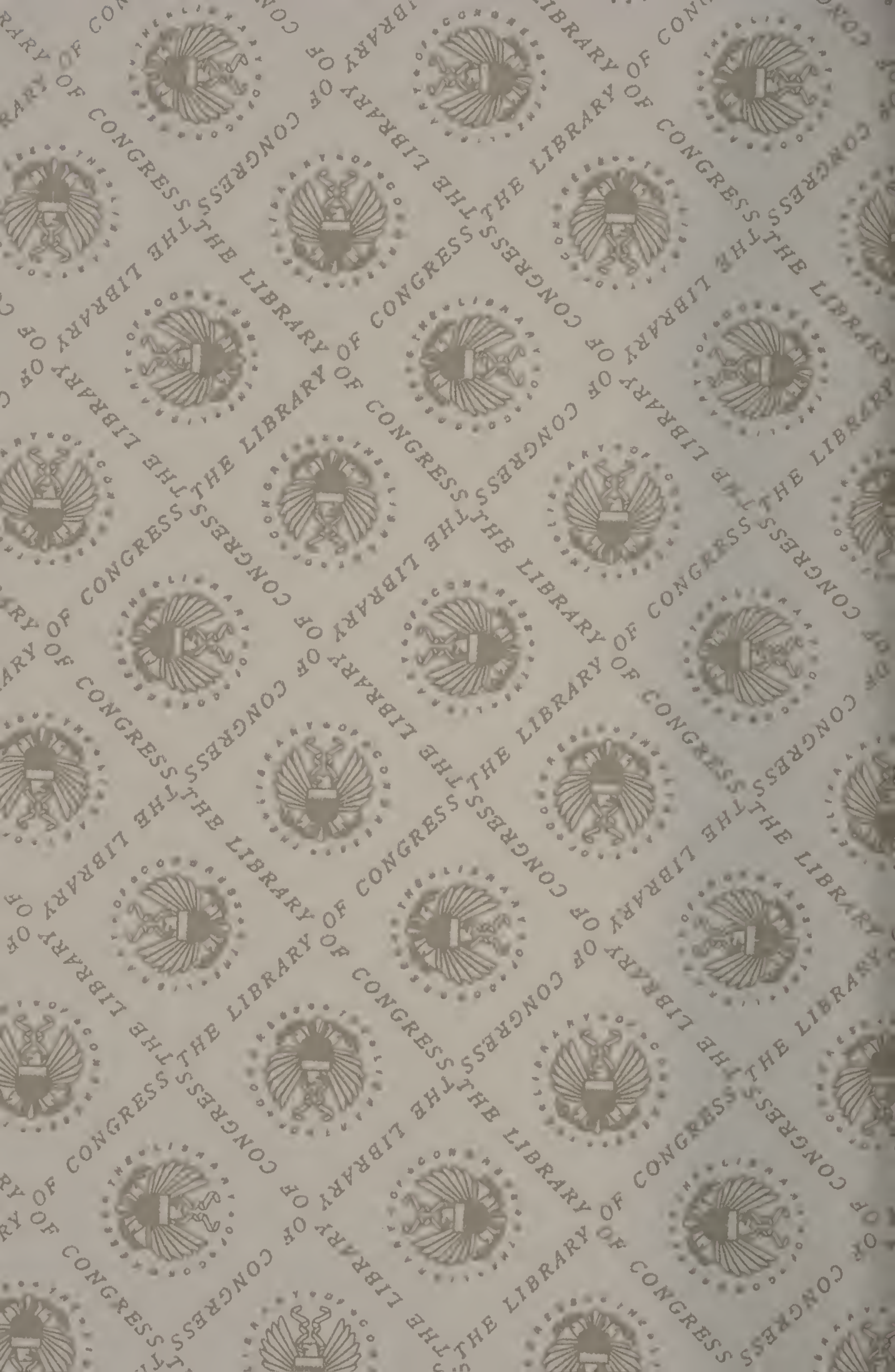
It was practically the closing day of the official career of Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans and every effort was made to make the day a glorious one—a fitting recognition of his long years of service and of his long years of suffering. The long years of work were over, the time for rest had come, but before his retirement it was right that he should have his day of triumph. The great fleet swung forgotten in the harbor. It was Evans, Fighting Bob, that the people had come to see. He had come from his sick-bed to greet them and they gave him the people's love and greeting in return.

As the daily journals said, "The people seemed to realize what a mighty effort it had cost him to make his final appearance that day. It was Fighting Bob they acclaimed, and while it was true that there was great enthusiasm for various features of the parade, it was also true that the parade consisted chiefly of Bob Evans, first, last and all the time. He said his good-by and with a smiling face. From start to finish, the admiral was the center of a demonstration of frenzied enthusiasm."

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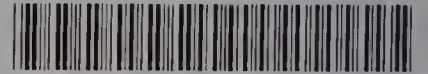


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